A. Morris Jun.

OBSERVATIONS

Anthony Morris

ON A

VARIETY OF SUBJECTS,

K. Caspipina (T.) pseud.

LITERARY, MORAL AND RELIGIOUS;

IN A SERIES OF

ORIGINAL LETTERS,

WRITTEN by a GENTLEMAN of FOREIGN EXTRACTION, who resided some Time in PHILADELPHIA.

REVISED by a FRIEND, to whose Hands the Manuscript was committed for Publication.

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M,DCC,LXXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE HONOURABLE

JAMES HAMILTON, Esq;

OF BUSH-HILL,

IN THE PROVINCE OF

PENNSYLVANIA,

AS A SMALL TESTIMONY OF

GRATITUDE,

FOR MANY INSTANCES OF

HOSPITALITY

AND

DISINTERESTED KINDNESS,

THESE LETTERS

ARE MOST HUMBLY AND

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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OBSERVATIONS

OBSERVATIONS
ON A
VARIETY OF SUBJECTS, &c.

LETTER I.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE *the* LORD VISCOUNT P——, *at* OXFORD.

MY LORD,

BY the laſt New-York mail I received a letter from CHARLES, informing me of your Lordſhip's return from *Italy*, and your reſolution of ſpending a few months at *Oxford*. I well know your particular attachment to the agreeable ſociety of *Magdalen-Hall*, and

could almoſt wiſh myſelf for a few weeks upon the banks of *Iſis*, that I might be an humble partaker of that *feaſt of reaſon and that flow of ſoul*, in which you bear ſo illuſtrious a part. But I muſt ſtay out the time of my tranſportation. * Two years at leaſt was the period, which my good Lord H——— allotted me to ſpend in this, and one or two neighbouring provinces of North-America. Think not, however, that I repine at my ſituation. I am delighted with this country. *The* NEW WORLD *is indeed launched forth*, and has proceeded more than half-way *to meet the* OLD. But if the country itſelf was not ſo charming, as it really muſt appear to every impartial eye, yet I have been placed in ſuch circumſtances,

* A merry alluſion to the caſe of thoſe convicts, who are ſentenced to be tranſported to America for a certain number of years.

ces, as could not fail of making any ſpot upon earth agreeable. I have been happily introduced to a ſet of acquaintance, whoſe hoſpitality, good ſenſe, and good humour, do honour to human nature. I am entertained at a merchant's houſe in this city, who is of the ſect of people called *Quakers*, and is poſſeſſed of as much urbanity and true politeneſs as I have ever met with.

I am now ſitting at a window, that overlooks the majeſtic *Delaware*, compared with which our *Iſis* and *Cherwell*, though immortalized in ſong, would appear but little babbling brooks. The woods along the oppoſite ſhore of *New-Jerſey* are clothed in their brighteſt verdure, and afford a pleaſing reſt and refreſhment to the eye, after it hath glanced acroſs the watry mirror. Whilſt

I am writing this, three topſail veſſels, wafted along by a gentle ſouthern breeze, are paſſing by my window. The voice of induſtry perpetually reſounds along the ſhore; and every wharf within my view is ſurrounded with groves of maſts, and heaped with commodities of every kind, from almoſt every quarter of the globe.

I cannot behold this lively active ſcene, without lamenting, that the ſtreams of commerce ſhould ever be checked in their courſe, or directed to wander in other channels, than thoſe which they now poſſeſs. Was your Lordſhip to be but a few months on the ſpot, you would feel the force of this reflection; and I am ſure, your juſtly-acquired influence in a Britiſh Parliament would ſoon be exerted to ſilence

lence the clamours of jealouſy, and rectify the miſinformed zeal of true patriotiſm. I know that you move in a much larger ſphere, than is generally circumſcribed by the hand of party; and if you have hitherto voted on the ſide of Adminiſtration, it was becauſe you have hitherto apprehended it to be the ſide of juſtice: For your honeſt heart is ever ready to embrace TRUTH, even when introduced to you in the form of a JUNIUS or a WILKES.—But I am not going to enter upon the field of politicks—This I leave to CHARLES, who has often told us, that he would not give a farthing for a converſation that was not well ſeaſoned with *religion* or *politics*. I only mean to entertain your Lordſhip at preſent, with a ſhort account of what I have ſeen and heard ſince I have been in this city.

Dean PRIDEAUX, in his connection of the Old and New Teſtament, ſpeaks of WILLIAM PENN's having laid out his new city after the plan of BABYLON. Perhaps it might be difficult at this time of day to aſcertain, what this plan was. Be this as it may, I am not ſo well verſed in antiquity as to be able to pronounce, whether there is the leaſt reſemblance or not betwixt BABYLON and PHILADELPHIA. Of this, however, your Lordſhip may be certain, that no city could be laid out with more beauty and regularity than PHILADELPHIA. Its ſtreets croſs each other at right angles: Thoſe which run from north to ſouth being parallel to each other, as well as thoſe from eaſt to weſt. Notwithſtanding the vaſt progreſs that has been already made, a conſiderable time muſt elapſe before the whole plan is executed.

ecuted. The buildings from north to ſouth, along the bank of the Delaware, including the ſuburbs, now extend near two miles, and thoſe from eaſt to weſt, about half a mile from the river. But, according to the original plan, they are to extend as far, nay farther, I believe, than the beautiful river *Schuylkill*, which runs about two miles weſt of *Delaware*.

The principal ſtreet, which is an hundred feet wide, would have a noble appearance, were it not for an ill contrived court-houſe, and a long range of ſhambles, which they have ſtuck in the very middle of it. This may, indeed, be very convenient for the inhabitants, and on their market-days exhibits ſuch a ſcene of plenty, as is ſcarcely to be equalled by any ſingle market in Europe,

rope.—But I am apt to think, that moveable ſtalls, contrived ſo as to afford ſhelter from the weather, would have anſwered the purpoſe full as well, and then the avenue might have been left entirely open.—The ſtreets are all well paved in the middle for carriages, and there is a foot-path of hard bricks on each ſide next the houſes.—The houſes in general are plain, but not elegant, for the moſt part built upon the ſame plan, a few excepted, which are finiſhed with ſome taſte, and neatly decorated within.—The ſtreets are well lighted by lamps, placed at proper diſtances; and watchmen and ſcavengers* are conſtantly employed for ſecurity and cleanlineſs.

Almoſt

* The author has been miſinformed in this article—There are no ſcavengers in Philadelphia yet, but it is hoped, that a regulation of this kind will ſoon take place.

Almoſt every ſect in Chriſtendom have here found an happy aſylum; and ſuch is the Catholick ſpirit that prevails, that I am told, they have frequently and chearfully aſſiſted each other in erecting their ſeveral places of worſhip.—Theſe places too generally partake of the plainneſs and neatneſs of their dwelling houſes, being ſeldom enriched by any coſtly ornaments. Here are three churches that uſe the liturgy and ceremonies of our Church of England; but only two of them are under any epiſcopal juriſdiction. * CHRIST-CHURCH has by far the moſt venerable appearance of any building in this city; and the whole architecture, including

* Since the firſt publication of theſe letters. the Biſhop of London, at the earneſt requeſt of the veſtry-men and congregation of *St. Paul's* Church, has ordained and licenſed their Miniſter.

including an elegant ſteeple, (which is furniſhed with a complete ring of bells) would not diſgrace one of the fineſt ſtreets in Weſtminſter. The eaſtern front is particularly well deſigned and executed; but its beauty is in a great meaſure loſt, by its being ſet too near the ſtreet, inſtead of being placed, as it ought to have been, forty or fifty feet back.

The STATE-HOUSE, as it is called, is a large plain building, two ſtories high—The lower ſtory is divided into two large rooms, in one of which the Provincial Aſſembly meet, and in the other the Supreme Court of Judicature is held—The upper ſtory conſiſts of a long gallery which is generally uſed for public entertainments, and two rooms adjoining it, one of which is appropriated

ated for the Governor and his Council; the other, I believe, is yet unoccupied. In one of the wings, which join the [redacted] building, by means of a bri[redacted]e, is depoſited a valuable collection of books, belonging to a [redacted] of the citizens, who are incorporated by the name of THE LIBRARY COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. To this library I have free acceſs by favour of my friend the merchant, who is one of the company. You would be aſtoniſhed, my Lord, at the general taſte for books, which prevails among all orders and ranks of people in this city.——The librarian aſſured me, that for one perſon of diſtinction and fortune, there were twenty tradeſmen that frequented this library.

Behind

Behind and adjoining to the State-houſe, was ſome time ſince erected a tower, of ſuch miſerable architecture, that the Legiſlature have wiſely determined to let it go to decay (the upper part being entirely of wood) that it may hereafter be built upon a new and more elegant conſtruction. Mr. F——, the late ſpeaker of the Aſſembly, with whom I have ſeveral times converſed, informed me, that the plot of ground on which the State-houſe ſtands, and which is one of the ſquares of the city, is to be planted with trees, and divided into walks, for the recreation of the citizens. I could not help obſerving to him, that it would be a conſiderable improvement of their plan, if the Legiſlature could purchaſe another ſquare, which lies to the ſouth of this, and apply it to the ſame ſalu-

tary

tary purpoſe; as otherwiſe, their walks muſt be very contracted, unleſs they make them of a circular or ſerpentine form.

The internal police of this city is extremely well regulated. You ſeldom hear of any ſuch mobs or riots, as I am told, are frequent among their northern neighbours. The poor are amply provided for, and lodged and boarded in a very large and commodious building, to which they have given the name of THE HOUSE OF EMPLOYMENT; becauſe all ſuch as are able to work are here employed in the different trades or manufactures to which they were brought up. This building likewiſe ſtands upon one of the city ſquares,

and when compleated, will form a quadrangle, as large, and of much the ſame appearance, as ſome of our colleges. In paſſing through the apartments, I obſerved and pointed out to one of the managers, who was ſo obliging as to accompany me, an inconvenience, which he aſſured me, would be rectified, as ſoon as their funds would admit of it, *viz.* The want of a few little private rooms, for the better accommodation of ſuch poor, as have formerly lived in good circumſtances, and whoſe miſery muſt needs be conſiderably heightened by their being obliged to board and lodge in the ſame common and open apartment, with the vileſt of their ſpecies.

For the ſick and lunatick an HOSPITAL has been erected, by private contributions, under the particular countenance and encouragement of the Legiſlature.—The building is ſtill unfiniſhed.—I walked round it—but did not chooſe to venture into this retreat of human woe, as I had formerly ſuffered much from a viſit to Bedlam.

Whilſt I was at breakfaſt one day laſt week with Dr. M——, whom I had ſeen at Oxford ſome years ago, he received a card to attend a Public Commencement at the College the next day.—As I expreſſed a deſire of accompanying him there, if it ſhould not be inconvenient, he very politely called upon me in the morning, and took me into the apparatus-room, where the

Truſtees or Governors of the College were met. There is no place or ſcene, that I have viſited, ſince my arrival in America, at which I more ardently wiſhed for your Lordſhip's preſence, than this. I accompanied the proceſſion of Truſtees and Profeſſors into their public hall. The Provoſt opened the Commencement with two or three Collects of our Liturgy, well choſen and adapted to the occaſion, together with an excellent prayer of his own compoſition. The exerciſes were ſome in Engliſh, and ſome in Latin, conſiſting of Forenſic and Syllogiſtic Diſputations, and ſeveral little eſſays in the declamatory way, which the young Gentlemen, for the moſt part, delivered with propriety of pronunciation and action;

action; though a Gentleman who ſat next to me, declared, that the preſent candidates were by no means equal to many who had received the honours of this Seminary. Their pronunciation of the Latin, indeed, ſeemed to be a little defective; and yet they have an excellent pattern in the Gentleman who preſided during the acts, who ſpake with great diſtinctneſs, and paid due regard to the quantity and emphaſis.

The peculiar attention that is given in this Seminary to the Engliſh language, is worthy of being imitated by our Univerſities and Academies at home.—They have a Profeſſor here, whoſe ſole buſineſs it is to teach boys their native tongue gram-

matically, and inſtruct them in the method of reading and pronouncing it with propriety. For this purpoſe, he is frequently exerciſing them in little ſpeeches, extracted from plays, parliamentary debates, Roman hiſtory, poems, ſermons, *&c.* and I am told, that the Seminary owes much of its preſent reputation to this part of its plan.

The Profeſſor of Languages has the Latin and Greek ſchool in excellent order, both with reſpect to inſtruction and diſcipline; and he aſſured me, that he had ſeldom leſs than eighty or ninety boys under his care.—The higher claſſics are read in the Philoſophical ſchools, under the direction of the Provoſt and Vice-Provoſt,

voſt, who give lectures in Geography, Mathematics, Logic, Rhetoric, Natural and Moral Philoſophy.

Upon the College has lately been engrafted a medical ſchool, with Profeſſors in all the branches neceſſary to complete a medical education.—— So that they have now annually a courſe of Lectures in Anatomy, the Theory and Practice of Phyſic, Botany, Materia Medica, and Chymiſtry. Pupils from all parts of the continent, I am told, have crouded to Philadelphia ſince this ſchool was opened, as the advantages here are thought to be almoſt equal to thoſe in Europe. Nothing now ſeems to be wanting to render this Seminary an *Univerſity* in the largeſt ſenſe of the word, but two more

more profeſſorſhips, one in Divinity, and the other in Civil and Municipal Law. The firſt of theſe, however, is ſupplied by the Provoſt himſelf, who reads a courſe of Divinity-Lectures, when any of his pupils declare themſelves candidates for the Miniſtry.

One thing I muſt not omit, which cannot fail of giving pleaſure to a benevolent heart; and that is, that to this College is annexed a *Charitable School*, in which youth of both ſexes are inſtructed in all the neceſſary parts of a common Engliſh education. A merchant of my acquaintance aſſured me, that he knew ſeveral inſtances of the happy effects of this charity; and among the reſt, that the young man, to whom he intruſted the chief part of his

buſineſs

buſineſs, had received his education wholly at this ſchool.

The ſituation of Philadelphia, in the very center of the Britiſh colonies, the manners of its inhabitants, the benevolent and catholic plan of this Seminary, which exceeds any thing I ever met with at home or abroad, together with the moderate expence of a learned education here, are circumſtances, which, I am perſwaded, muſt give this College the preference to any that are, or may be erected in North-America; and I doubt not, but that the inhabitants of the Weſt-India Iſlands, many of whom have been well educated, and have an high taſte for literature, did they once make the experiment, would ſoon be induced by the ſucceſs to prefer an American

can to an Engliſh education, at leaſt for the earlier ſeaſon of their children's lives. For my part, I muſt confeſs, in ſpite of all my prejudices in favour of our beloved *Oxford*, that, had I a ſon, I ſhould certainly chooſe to let him go through a courſe of education at Philadelphia College, before I ventured to ſend him to that Univerſity.—For your Lordſhip well knows, that what we principally expect from ſpending a few years at Oxford or Cambridge, are, the opportunities we have there of converſing with men of genius, and forming ſuch uſeful and agreeable connections, as may contribute not a little to our future happineſs in life.

The very ingenious Dr. F———N, who, your Lordſhip may remember was

was introduced to you one evening at the D——of N———d's, and who has been celebrated all over Europe for his diſcoveries in electricity, was among the firſt projectors of this inſtitution: And I recollect, a few days ſince, to have heard a Gentleman of this city, who is a friend to literature, and no enemy to Dr. F——N, expreſs an ardent wiſh, that he would relinquiſh his political employments, and once more reſume the Philoſophical Chair; adding, that the calm regions of *Philoſophy* would, in his opinion, agree much better with the Doctor's genius and diſpoſition, than the ſtormy element of *Politics*.—Certain it is, that his fellow-citizens acknowlege themſelves much indebted to him for many of the excellent inſtitutions, that do honour to

their

their city and province. Nor are they without hopes, that he will yet return to his native Country, and employ the remainder of his days in aſſiſting them to compleat the ſeveral plans, for the ſucceſs of which he once appeared to be ſo much in earneſt.

The College, however, is at preſent in good hands. Gentlemen of the firſt diſtinction for learning and fortune are among its Truſtees. The Provoſt is well known for his literary character and excellent compoſitions, both in Europe and America. He was particularly patronized by the late good and learned Archbiſhop of Canterbury, whoſe memory your Lordſhip reveres; and by his influence, obtained his Majeſty's brief for a collection throughout

throughout England for the joint benefit of this Seminary, and that of New-York. Your Lordſhip, I remember, was a contributor; and expreſſed your high approbation of the liberal and generous plan, on which it was founded. This plan is moſt religiouſly adhered to; and though among nine Profeſſors, there are but three of the church of England, yet this is not owing to any neglect or diſreſpect towards the members of our communion, but becauſe no more than theſe three have hitherto preſented themſelves as candidates for any Profeſſorſhip; and the Truſtees never enquire into the religious profeſſion, (provided it be proteſtant) but ſolely into the literary merit and moral character of thoſe that offer. The Vice-Provoſt is one of the eldeſt and moſt reſpectable

Miniſters of the Preſbyterian Denomination; and has the honour of being among the firſt that introduced Science into this heretofore untutored wilderneſs.

I could not help expreſſing my ſurpriſe, in a converſation I had ſome time ſince with Mr. G———y (an eminent and worthy Lawyer in this city, and now Speaker of the Houſe of Aſſembly) that the Legiſlature ſhould never have taken this Seminary under their protection. The Hoſpital and Houſe of Employment, I obſerved, had been favoured with their countenance. And, as the cultivation of the human mind is an object of much higher importance, than the care of the body; and the advantages derived from this College to the city and province, muſt needs be very conſidera-

ble,

ble, I could not but think it very juſtly entitled to ſome ſhare of their liberality. I do not recollect this Gentleman's anſwer;—but I make no doubt, upon a proper application, that his influence and intereſt would be chearfully exerted in that Honourable Houſe, to obtain an handſome endowment for this inſtitution.

I have been the more minute and circumſtantial in my account of the College, as I know your Lordſhip is particularly intereſted in the progreſs of literature; and I am happy in an opportunity of affording you a little entertainment, that will be agreeable to your taſte. I am, my LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's moſt ſincere Friend,
And devoted Servant,
T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,
July 4th, 1771. *P. S.*

P. S. I find CHARLES grows more and more diſſatisfied with JUNIUS. He entreated Sir W——M D——R, who was at New-York, in October laſt, once more to enter the liſts with this *Knight of the poliſhed armour*. Sir W—M, however, very politely replied, that he had engagements on his hands at preſent of a more agreeable nature. Your Lordſhip has doubtleſs ſeen Lady D——R before this time, ſo that you may gueſs what theſe engagements were.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To CHARLES MARSEILLES, ESQ; *at* NEW-YORK.

LIBERTY, dear CHARLES, is the genius of Pennſylvania. Its inhabitants think, and ſpeak, and act from her immediate inſpiration. The pooreſt labourer upon the ſhore of *Delaware* thinks himſelf intitled to deliver his ſentiments in matters of religion or politics with as much freedom as the gentleman or the ſcholar. Indeed, there is leſs diſtinction among the citizens of *Philadelphia*, than among thoſe of any civilized city in the world. Riches give none. For every man expects one day or another to be up-

on a footing with his wealthieſt neighbour;—and in this hope, ſhews him no cringing ſervility, but treats him with a plain, though reſpectful familiarity. Offices or poſts of honour give none—but ſuch as every wiſe and virtuous man would allow to be neceſſary for the ſupport of government. Literary accompliſhments here meet with deſerved applauſe. But ſuch is the prevailing taſte for books of every kind, that almoſt every man is a reader; and by pronouncing ſentence, right or wrong, upon the various publications that come in his way, puts himſelf upon a level, in point of knowledge, with their ſeveral authors. This, you will ſay, is not peculiar to the *Philadelphians*, but may ſerve as a general character for moſt readers in the world—Be it ſo—You may ſee in one portrait the

the reſemblance of many a face—But the ſtrength of the *contour*, the particular arrangement of the features, the countenance, or ſome other ſtriking circumſtance, reminds you of the friend that it reſembles moſt.

I mean not by this obſervation to inſinuate any thing to the diſadvantage of the *Philadelphians*.—I love and admire them too much to harbour even a thought of the kind. Their conduct uniformly flows from that ſpirit of freedom, which they inherit from a Britiſh anceſtry, which has not been ſuffered to degenerate, but has rather acquired new vigour by being tranſplanted into an American ſoil.—Freedom of enquiry will neceſſarily lead to freedom of ſpeech; and though an honeſt mind will ſometimes be miſtaken in its opi-

nions

nions of men and things, yet its very miſtakes are pardonable, inaſmuch as they proceed not from a depraved heart, but a miſinformed judgment. I love to hear a plain man deliver his real ſentiments with that downright bluntneſs, which is generally characteriſtic of integrity; though it may ſometimes be affectedly aſſumed to hide a deceitful, or countenance an impertinent, temper.

Sitting the other day in one of the coffee-houſe boxes, I heard a perſon behind me giving his ſentiments upon the letters of JUNIUS, one of which he had juſt been reading: "I have no patience," ſaid he, "with the admirers of "this writer.—Fine-turned periods, "brilliant ſimilitudes, and choice ex-"preſſions, may charm a ſuperficial "reader.—They are very pretty—but

"then

" then their dazzling beauty ſo capti-
" vates the inferior faculties, that the
" judgment is not at liberty to examine
" the ſentiments, if there be any, which
" they are intended to recommend and
" enforce.—Take from JUNIUS all
" his well-dreſſed perſonal invectives
" againſt his Sovereign and his Mini-
" ſters, and try to find out what is his
" real aim, or whether liberty is ſo
" much in danger, as he would have
" us apprehend, from the D— of
" G—— and his puny aſſociates;—
" and I believe you will be tempted
" to think, that he is only playing a
" part in a *Farce*, whoſe title ſhould be
" *Much ado about nothing*.—For my
" part, I do really look upon all I
" have ſeen of his writings, to be no
" better than refined *Billingſgate*—
" *Rogue* and *raſcal* would not have
" anſwered

" anſwered his purpoſe ſo well—or he " would have uſed them without cere- " mony."

This *critique* upon JUNIUS, whether it be juſt or not, ſeems to agree very well with the appellation you once gave him, of *the Knight of the poliſhed armour*.—For, I ſuppoſe you meant, that his armour, though *dazzling bright*, was far from being *proof*.

Parties, I am told, ſome time ago, ran pretty high in this place.—Some were for changing the *Proprietary* into a *Regal* government;—for what reaſon I have not been able to diſcover; unleſs they could imagine, that the Adminiſtration at home, would be more anxious to preſerve their privileges inviolate, than a *family*, whoſe immediate

ate intereſt it muſt needs be ſo to do. All is calm and ſerene at preſent.—People of different opinions can now talk with coolneſs upon the ſubject, and all ſeem to be united in one general deſire to promote the real intereſts of their province.

So much, dear CHARLES, for one of your favourite topics. If you want to know more of the politics of this city, you muſt come here and obſerve for yourſelf; —for, I confeſs, I am not equal to the taſk.

I have tranſmitted to my LORD P— as circumſtantial an account as I could get of the plan of this city, and its many improvements and inſtitutions, together with a little hiſtory of the progreſs of literature, which you know, is quite

quite in his way. I have met with no hiſtory of this province, that deſerves notice.—What have been publiſhed are merely partial narratives of their political debates, which are far from being the leaſt entertaining or inſtructive.—I wiſh to ſee a regular, ſenſible, and well written hiſtory of Pennſylvania, from its firſt ſettlement to the preſent period, which might compriſe an intereſting account of the labours of its venerable founder, the progreſs of Commerce, of Arts and Sciences, the gradual improvement of taſte and manners, and the riſe of the various ſects of religion.—I know but one Gentleman in this city, who is capable of executing ſuch a work; and, I fear his preſent engagements, if he ſhould have an inclination, would not afford him ſufficient leiſure for the purpoſe.

Many

Many excellent productions in the literary way have been publiſhed here. —That ſpirit of freedom, which I have already mentioned, hath given birth even to Orators and Poets; many of whoſe performances I have heard and read with the higheſt ſatisfaction. —Some of theſe, perhaps, I may have an opportunity of communicating to my Lord P——, or yourſelf, in the courſe of our correſpondence.

Mrs. G—— is returned from Briſtol.—I thank you heartily for recommending me to ſo valuable an acquaintance. I am happy in her agreeable and ſprightly converſation;—and ſhe has introduced me to a circle of Ladies at whoſe tea-tables I am ſure of finding delicacy without prudery, and wit without ill-nature.

This will be delivered to you by the very polite MAJOR S——, who tells me, that he is well acquainted with your Uncle COL. MARSEILLES, and was in the ſame corps with him, under the Duke, at the unhappy affair at *Minden*. He adds, likewiſe, that your Uncle was the intimate friend of COL. Ross, and was very near that amiable officer, when he was killed at the battle of FONTENOY.

I am your's, moſt affectionately,

T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,
July 10, 1771.

LETTER III.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY CAROLINE S——, *at* BATH.

I AM truly concerned, my honoured Lady, at the account which Lord H——gives me of your preſent indiſpoſition:—But I hope a proper regimen, with a cautious uſe of the Bath waters, which, I am told, have been very ſerviceable in ſuch caſes as your's, will afford you a ſpeedy recovery.—Chronical complaints, indeed, are not eaſily overcome.—Few have reſolution enough to perſevere in ſuch a change of diet, and conſtant attention to what phyſicians call the *non-naturals*, as would bring the whole ſyſ-

tem into its former temperature. The ſcience of *Medicine*, however, ſeems to be approaching faſt to the ſame perfection of ſimplicity, as that of *True Religion*. Both of them have their foundation in the conſtitution of man. And the diſorders of the body, as well as thoſe of the ſoul, will ere long be better underſtood, and more ſkilfully treated than they have hitherto been.--I am no friend to *noſtrums* in either caſe; and I entertain as poor an opinion of your *Empirics* in *Divinity* as of thoſe in *Medicine*. Inſtantaneous operations may be ſerviceable in many chirurgical caſes, and perhaps in ſome phyſical ones;—but the change from a confirmed bad habit of body to a good one, cannot, in the nature of the thing, be ſuddenly accompliſhed by any application in the world.

Dr.

Dr. Cheyne, whatever whimſical peculiarities he may be charged with, will, upon the whole, be found to have laid a ſure baſis for future ſucceſs in the practice of medicine;—and I ſhall not at all be ſurprized, if, at ſome future day, an admirer of his ſyſtem ſhould venture to ſtep aſide, as he did, from the beaten track, and, without the pomp of learned preſcription, gently lead his afflicted patients into the narrow walk of temperance, from thence conduct them to the fields of exerciſe, which are ever inveſted with a moſt ſalubrious air; and, at laſt, to complete the cure, and eſtabliſh perfect health, both of mind and body, place them, tranquil and ſerene, in the delightful bowers of religious peace and heavenly conſolation.—For certain it is, that there is a moſt intimate connection, and ſenſible ſympa-

thy betwixt the ſoul and the body;—and Dr. CHEYNE is well ſupported by the experience of all men in all ages, when he aſſerts, that the inward and irregular paſſions of the ſoul do more real injury to the organized material vehicle, which it inhabits, than all the outward aſſaults, which this vehicle ſuſtains from all the outward elements of nature.

One grand defect a ſenſible reader cannot but diſcover in Dr. CHEYNE's ſyſtem, and that is, that he preſcribes to every conſtitution almoſt invariably one and the ſame regimen, without making a ſufficient allowance for different complections, or inveterate habits. —Nay, he ſuppoſes that *that* ſtate of the body muſt needs be very bad, in which his peculiar regimen is not kindly received, and does not favourably operate.

For

—For my own part, I have enjoyed a good ſhare of health for many years paſt, though I have never been able to uſe one or two eſſential ingredients in his diet, without great inconvenience. A temperate glaſs, I think, may innocently exhilarate the ſpirits, without enflaming the blood; and I ſee no reaſon why I may not get ſtrength from the juice of the vine, as well as from any other vegetable or animal ſubſtance. In truth, every creature of God is good, and becomes "*ſanctified*," that is, proves ſalutary to my ſoul as well as my body, when it is "*received with prayer and thankſgiving*."

You ſee, my dear Lady, what a train of reflections the account of your illneſs hath raiſed in my mind:—As I am but a ſciolift in phyſical matters, ſo I am

am careful to ſpeak *only what I know, and teſtify what I have felt.*—Common ſenſe, and a little attention to what generally agrees or diſagrees with our conſtitution will ſet us right whenever we are wrong; or what is better, keep us at all times from offending againſt our own bodies.

Your own experience hath already told you, that in religious concerns you have an infallible monitor within;—and your own feelings are painful or delightful according as you reſiſt or attend to its councils. This reduces all the fancied obſcurities of religion to plain, obvious and ſimple truths.—This makes us behold the ſame light, that irradiates the ſoul of the Chriſtian, breaking forth, though with feebler

ray,

ray, in the untutored breaſt of the roaming ſavage.

To this bleſſed monitor doth the Author of Chriſtianity continually appeal, and to bring it forth into exerciſe and energy, was the grand deſign of his coming into this world.—Hence the invaluable bleſſing of an outward revelation, which alone could give us a true information of the latent powers that are lodged in our breaſts, and furniſh us with an unerring ſtandard of their real and proper employment and effects.

But this is a topic, which I need not enlarge upon to a Lady, who has not now her religious principles to ſeek. Under all the weakneſſes of a delicate conſtitution, I well know, you have an internal

internal ſupport, that raiſes you above the feelings of mortality. You have too much good ſenſe, as well as fortitude, either to be reaſoned or laughed out of your religion ;—and though you are a ſtranger to *falſe* ENTHUSIASM, yet you are not aſhamed to acknowledge yourſelf an humble admirer of the *True.*

During my reſidence in AMERICA, I have not met with more than one or two of your ſex, who have made any pretenſions to infidelity—Pretenſions I may very properly call them, becauſe the ſentiments they would vainly be thought to have adopted, are perpetually contradicted by an irreſiſtable teſtimony within them.—To call in queſtion the ſpirituality and future exiſtence of the human ſoul, its divine origin,

origin, and neceſſary dependance upon its PARENT GOD—to doubt of the ſuperintending care of a wiſe and good providence, and confound or aboliſh the neceſſary diſtinctions betwixt good and evil—theſe are ſuch glaring abſurdities, ſuch flat contradictions to common ſenſe, and univerſal experience, as muſt needs degrade the perſon that eſpouſes them below the rank of humanity.—Even thoſe retailers of ancient and modern ſophiſtry, HUME and VOLTAIRE, who have poiſoned ſo many weak and tender intellects with their gilded pills of unbelief, cannot but ſhudder in ſecret, at the dreadful ſucceſs of their preſcriptions; eſpecially, when they come to reflect, that they have not only ſhaken the very foundations of VIRTUE in thouſands of their own ſex, but have, likewiſe, in ſome few deplorable

deplorable inſtances, robbed the faireſt part of our ſpecies, of that peculiar ſoftneſs and delicacy, which are characteriſtic of *their* ſex, and which are not only effectually preſerved, but amazingly improved and heightened by the heavenly charm, which true religion alone can impart.

A female freethinker is as aukward and pitiable a character as can be conceived. She loſes every attraction, that can win the *lover*, and ſacrifices every amiable ſenſibility, that ought to preſerve the heart of the *huſband*. I am not ſurprized to hear of ſo many late inſtances of conjugal infidelity in *Britain*.—The breaſt that finds no real delight in religion, and is taught to look upon virtue as a viſionary thing, is ſoon open to the allurements of falſe pleaſure:

pleaſure : And Mr. HUME has furniſhed many a Lady G——— with fine and ſpecious apologies, for engaging and perſevering in an unlawful amour.

Thank heaven ! this infernal ſyſtem has not found many admirers among the American fair. They ſtill retain their honeſt attachment to religion and common ſenſe. The arts of gallantry are little known, and leſs practiſed in theſe *laſt retreats* of perſecuted virtue. Conjugal infidelity on either ſide is ſure to be ſtamped with indelible ignominy ; and the offender, tho' ſeemingly protected by opulence or power, or the moſt diſtinguiſhed abilities, is ſoon torn down from the higheſt poſt of truſt or honour, by the reſentment of a virtuous people, and condemned to paſs his future days in infamous obſcurity.

I well know, my good Lady, that this little repreſentation, which is indeed ſtrictly juſt and impartial, will prejudice your virtuous heart in favour of the people among whom I now happily reſide. Indeed, before I left *England*, you began to think highly of this NEW WORLD, from the frequent converſations you had with ſeveral of our military acquaintance, who had ſpent ſome years on this ſide the *Atlantic*, and whoſe obſervations I have ſince found to be ſenſible and true.

Poor Captain B—— left us a few weeks ago with an heavy heart. The gay, ſprightly, and magnanimous hero, you will find changed into a poor whining and diſconſolate lover. A ſly little American hath made him her willing captive; though I could tell him, for his comfort,

comfort, that whilſt ſhe was ſecuring him with her ſilken chain, ſhe entangled herſelf at the ſame time, in ſuch a manner, that I believe, neither of them would now wiſh to be diſengaged. He will doubtleſs pay your Ladyſhip a viſit at BATH; and you may aſſure him from me, that his little LEONORA, has retired into the country as *love-ſick* as himſelf, to try for a few months the potent charms of *ſhady groves* and *purling ſtreams*. I am, with moſt ſincere wiſhes for the preſervation of your valuable life,

YOUR LADYSHIP'S
Moſt obedient humble ſervant,
T. CASPIPINA.

Philadelphia,
Aug. 2, 1771.

LETTER IV.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD VISCOUNT P——, *at* OXFORD.

MY LORD,

IN my laſt *, I furniſhed your Lordſhip with as particular an account as I have been able to obtain of the many aſtoniſhing improvements, which a very few years have produced in this elegant and growing city. Common juſtice calls upon me to inform you, that ſome of the beſt inſtitutions, that regard its internal police, are under the direction and management of the people called *Quakers*, whoſe general diſapprobation of all faſhionable amuſements and diverſions, gives them leiſure

* See letter I.

ſure and opportunity of embarking in and proſecuting ſuch ſchemes as are uſeful, as well as ornamental to human ſociety. This ſober, virtuous people generally engage with caution, but execute with the moſt perſevering firmneſs and aſſiduity. The *Hoſpital* and *Houſe of Employment* are ſtanding monuments of their labours—And the period ſeems to be faſt approaching, when the cauſe of literature will receive no ſmall ſervices from their attention and zeal. A Philoſophical ſociety for the encouragement of ſcience, arts and manufactures, hath been lately inſtituted in this city, which numbers many of the moſt ſenſible of this denomination among its Fellows. My friend the merchant aſſures me, that the thirſt of knowledge increaſes much among them; that they begin to diſcover the

ſubſerviency of human learning to many valuable purpoſes; and now think it no more a crime to ſend their children to ſchool to learn Greek and Latin, Mathematicks and Natural Philoſophy, than to put them to Merchants or Mechanics, to be inſtructed in the ſeveral arts and myſteries, that are become neceſſary for the ſupport of the preſent temporal life;—wiſely judging, with reſpect to the ſpiritual life, which comes from, and is to be ſupported by another world, that human learning has no more to do with it, and can no more awaken or promote it, than the art of making clocks and watches. If I remember right, BAKER, who has written ſo ingeniouſly upon the uſes of learning, ſeems to put it upon the ſame footing; and our Tutor at *Magdalen-Hall* has frequently told us, that all the

the acquirements of *human* knowledge, though highly neceſſary for the improvement and embelliſhment of civil ſociety, can never impart to us one ſingle ray of that which is truly *Divine*.

I am no ſtranger to your Lordſhip's ſentiments upon this intereſting ſubject. —You well know when to pronounce the "*hitherto ſhalt thou go, and no further.*"—As a citizen of Heaven, and a traveller through this World, you know what is neceſſary not only to make your journey pleaſing and comfortable, and to furniſh you with proper accommodations on the road, but to ſecure to yourſelf an happy reception among your fellow-citizens, when your pilgrimage ſhall be at an end. A liberal education, under the direction of an heaven-taught mind, has ſtood your

your Lordſhip in good ſtead on many important occaſions. It gives the chriſtian ſcholar a free acceſs into circles of converſation, where the illiterate would never be admitted, and furniſhes him, when he is there, with a becoming confidence and manly freedom of ſpeech. It enables him to fight the infidel with his own weapons, and to avail himſelf of the whole magazine of ancient and modern learning in the defence of Religion.—For the very ſame armour that is weak and ineffectual in the hands of the unbeliever, becomes ſtrong and of heavenly temper, when worn or wielded by the champion of goſpel truth.

Upon theſe principles, my Lord, I cannot but look upon it to be the duty of the real chriſtian to patronize and encourage

courage every well-formed ſcheme for the advancement of literature; and I was particularly pleaſed to hear from my friend, who is himſelf a Fellow of the Philoſophical Society, that the Quakers had ſtepped forth, and joined the votaries of Science; for their well-known induſtry and application cannot fail, in all human probability, of enſuring it ſucceſs.

What I have here ſaid of the Quakers, your Lordſhip muſt not conſider as the leaſt diſparagement or diminution of the other religious ſocieties. The members of our communion, as well as thoſe of the Preſbyterian and other diſſenting denominations, have engaged warmly in every ſcheme that has been propoſed for the general good; though they all candidly confeſs, that

no

no inſtitutions have been carried on with ſo much ſpirit, and crowned with ſo much ſucceſs, as thoſe in which the Quakers have had the lead and direction.—PENN engrafted an excellent policy upon their religious principles—and BARCLAY has given theſe principles all the advantages, which can be derived from throwing them into the form of a ſyſtem. Theſe authors your Lordſhip has carefully read—and I remember once to have heard you drop an intimation, that BARCLAY's book had never been anſwered in ſuch a manner as to weaken the force of his arguments.

I dined the other day with an eminent Phyſician of this place, who profeſſes himfelf a Preſbyterian. There was a mixed company; and the converſation

verſation turned upon religious ſubjects. A Clergyman of the eſtabliſhed church, who appeared to be very infirm and much advanced in years, undertook to reconcile the ſeeming differences that prevailed among the profeſſors of Chriſtianity. He very ingeniouſly diſtinguiſhed the things eſſential, from thoſe which are not eſſential to ſalvation; and, with a truly benevolent chriſtian ſpirit, declared, that as religion was a life, manifeſted by good tempers and diſpoſitions within, and correſpondent actions and offices without; as it did not depend upon any particular ſet of doctrines or opinions, much leſs upon any particular modes of worſhip or outward church diſcipline, ſo he found his own heart intimately drawn to, and united with, good men of every denomination.—You, Sir, ſaid he (turning to the Phyſician)

Phyſician) are a Preſbyterian.—Thou art a Quaker, (addreſſing himſelf to another of the company)—and I am a Church-man.—Suppoſe now, whilſt we are diſputing about religious principles, a ſervant ſhould ruſh into the room, and eagerly inform us, that a neighbours houſe was on fire, that the maſter of the family was abroad, that the poor wife with two or three little ones were ſcreaming out for help, and that all their goods muſt periſh, if they could not have immediate aſſiſtance. My Quaker friend there, and myſelf, unmoved at the melancholy tidings, keep our ſeats and gravely continue the debate. My Preſbyterian friend forgets all his zeal about opinions and doctrines, ſtarts from the table in an inſtant, and haſtens to the ſcene of diſtreſs. Pray now, gentlemen, continued the venerable

venerable old man, which of us, in ſuch a caſe, would be the Chriſtian ?—I—moſt aſſuredly, cried out the Phyſician ; and though I really find myſelf much attached to *Calvin's* ſyſtem, yet I am ſure, in the caſe you mention, or any other ſimilar one, neither *Calvin's* opinions, nor the opinions of any other man could rouſe my compaſſion and urge me to the benevolent act. Nothing but a power ſuperior to all opinion, which carries its own evidence and motive along with it, and which, I truſt, is "*the* DIVINITY *that ſtirs within me*"—could accompliſh this—and if I ſhould reſiſt its powerful call, merely to indulge my own humour in an idle and unprofitable debate, what would it be but throwing away my proper and natural food, to live upon the wind ; nay, loſing heaven for the ſake of a ſyllogiſm.

I think your Lordſhip, had you been preſent, would have pronounced this to be good Divinity: and for the honour of the *Philadelphians*, I do aſſure you, that theſe ſentiments generally prevail among them; and that there is leſs religious bigotry here, than in any place I have yet viſited. The only circumſtance in which the *Preſbyterians* ſeem to be leſs catholic than others, is their violent oppoſition to the propoſed eſtabliſhment of a Biſhop or Biſhops in America: But, indeed I cannot think they are ſo much to blame in this matter, as our Church friends would inſinuate; for, was I to ſettle in America, I ſhould never ſay a word in favour of an eſtabliſhed epiſcopate, till the powers of the intended Biſhop were accurately defined, and a ſatisfactory ſecurity given by act of Parliament againſt

againſt any future encroachments. Could this be done, I think no reaſonable Diſſenters, upon their own principles, would promote any further oppoſition.

The *Quakers* have three places of worſhip in this city, the *Engliſh Preſbyterians* three, the *Scotch Preſbyterians* two, the *German Lutherans* two, (one of which is very large and elegant) the *German Calviniſts* one, the *Baptiſts* one, the *Roman Catholics* two, and the *Methodiſts* one. I have viſited moſt of theſe places, and have been introduced to many of the Clergy, and find them generally moderate, quiet and charitable. They are all warmly attached to the Britiſh conſtitution, and whilſt their civil and religious liberties are ſecured to them, will remain as affectionate

and obedient ſubjects, as any in his Majeſty's dominions.

Our friend CHARLES engaged to furniſh your Lordſhip with all the materials he could collect relative to the city and province of NEW-YORK. I hope he is fulfilling his promiſe. But I had a hint from a gentleman, who lately ſaw him there, that he had been ſadly taken in by a ſet of people, under the maſk of religion.—You know his honeſt heart has ever been too ſuſceptible of impreſſions from your pretenders to extraordinary ſanctity. However, I am ſure, if their tenets or practices lead to any thing that is narrow or uncharitable, his liberal and generous turn of mind will ſoon ſhake off the deception.

I ſend your Lordſhip the firſt volume

ſume of the Tranſactions of the New Philoſophical Society which will afford no ſmall entertainment to yourſelf and my other *Oxford* friends. I am much obliged to you for *Guſtavus Vaſa*, and the *Farmer's Letters to the people of Ireland*. I have a ſtrong partiality for all the writings of that excellent author, and now want but one book to complete my collection of his works.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt ſincere friend,

And devoted ſervant,

T. CASPIPINA.

Philadelphia,

Sept. 4, 1771.

LETTER V.

To the RIGHT REVEREND *the* LORD BISHOP *of* B———L.

MY LORD,

AS I ſpend a good deal of my time in writing to my friends in ENGLAND, I ſhould be altogether unpardonable, were I to neglect paying my reſpects to your Lordſhip, whom I am proud to rank among thoſe, whoſe eſteem I would cultivate by every means in my power. I have not yet fixed upon the time of my return; ſo that I can ſay nothing on that head. My ſtay here hath been longer than I expected; and indeed, ſo many new

ſcenes

ſcenes have engaged my attention, and my ſituation hath been in every reſpect ſo very agreeable, that time has ſtolen imperceptibly away.

I am juſt returned from an excurſion into the country, which afforded me much matter for reflection and entertainment. As the ſubject muſt be new to your Lordſhip, I ſhall endeavour to amuſe you with a conciſe account of my journey, reſerving a more particular deſcription for an afternoon's converſation in the gardens of———.

The Gentleman, at whoſe houſe I am entertained, is one of the people called *Quakers*, and a wealthy merchant in this city, to whom I had a letter from Mr. L—— of *Briſtol*. In this good family I am treated with the moſt cheerful

ful hoſpitality; and my friend, without any parade of ceremony, or the common diſplay of too officious civility, is a moſt ſenſible, polite and agreeable companion. The other day, while we were at breakfaſt, he propoſed a jaunt into the country for my amuſement; and without letting me know what rout he intended to take, we ſet off on Wedneſday laſt, with his wife and daughter and an intimate acquaintance of the family. The carriage in which we travelled was neither coach nor waggon, but ſomething between both; a kind of machine much uſed of late in this city, and very commodious for thoſe who have large families, as it is conſtructed in ſuch a manner as to accommodate ſix or eight perſons with eaſe and convenience—Indeed, uſe rather than elegance is conſidered in its conſtruction.

We

We travelled through a thick-ſettled and highly-cultivated country, beautifully variegated with hills commanding extenſive proſpects, and vallies enriched with meadows, mills, farm-houſes, and limpid ſtreams of water. At length we arrived at *Lancaſter*, a large and flouriſhing town, about ſixty miles from hence. Its trade to this city is very conſiderable: But, as it is not ſituated on navigable water, this trade is carried on by means of large covered waggons, which travel in great numbers to Philadelphia, (ſometimes, as I have been informed, there being above one hundred in a company) carrying down the produce of the country, and returning with all kinds of ſtores and merchandize.

At

At *Lancaſter* we tarried but one night; and the next morning purſued our journey to *Ephrata*, or Dunker-Town, as ſome call it, a ſmall village ſituated on a beautiful little river or creek, in a moſt romantic and ſequeſtered vale. This village and the adjoining lands are poſſeſſed by a religious ſect called *Dunkers*, whoſe principles and manners are very ſingular. They are for the moſt part *Germans*. Their name, I am told, is taken from their mode of baptizing their new converts, which is by dipping them in a river, as the *Anabaptiſts* do among us. Certain it is, that they took their riſe in this place about fifty years ago; and did not, as a ſect, emigrate from any other country. Their ſociety, however, at preſent, ſeems to be upon the decline, not exceeding one hundred members,

members, though they have been heretofore more numerous. Both men and women are dreſſed in white linen for the ſummer, and woollen for the winter ſeaſon. Their habit is a kind of long coat or tunic reaching down to the heels, having a ſaſh or girdle round the waiſt, and a cap or hood hanging from the ſhoulders, not unlike the dreſs of the Dominican friars. The men do not ſhave the head or beard. They are in general induſtrious, cheerful and extremely ſagacious.

The men and women have ſeparate habitations and diſtinct governments. For theſe purpoſes, they have erected two large wooden buildings, one of which is occupied by the brethren, the other by the ſiſters of the ſociety; and in each of them there is a banqueting room

room and an apartment for public worſhip: For the men and women do not meet together even at their devotions. The reſt of the building is divided into a great number of ſmall cloſets, or rather cells: each affording juſt room enough to accommodate one perſon.

They live chiefly upon roots and other vegetables: the rules of their ſociety not allowing fleſh, except upon particular occaſions, when they hold what they call a *Love-feaſt*; at which time, the brethren and ſiſters dine together in a large apartment, and eat *mutton*, but no other meat. No member of the ſociety is allowed a bed, but in caſe of ſickneſs. In each of their little cells they have a bench fixed, to ſerve the purpoſe of a bed, and

a

a ſmall block of wood for a pillow. The *Dunkers* allow of no intercourſe betwixt the brethren and ſiſters, not even by marriage. Nevertheleſs, ſome have broken through this reſtraint, and ventured upon the conjugal ſtate. The married perſons, however, are no longer conſidered in full communion, or ſuffered to live under the ſame roof, no, nor in the ſame village with the unmarried; but are obliged to remove to a place about a mile diſtant, called *Mount-Sion*. They continue indeed to wear the habit, and in other reſpects are deemed members of the ſociety.

The principal tenet of the *Dunkers*, I underſtand, is this: "That future "happineſs is only to be obtained by "penance and outward mortifications "in this life; and that as JESUS

" CHRIST, by his meritorious ſuffer-
" ings became the redeemer of man-
" kind in general; ſo each individual
" of the human race, by a life of ab-
" ſtinence and reſtraint, may workout
" his own ſalvation." Nay, they go ſo far, as to admit of works of ſupere-rogation, and declare, that a man may do much more than he is in juſtice or equity obliged to do, and that his ſuperabundant works may therefore be applied to the ſalvation of others.

Thus do theſe poor people delude themſelves with vain imaginations, ſeeking for that religious ſatisfaction in their external ſituation, which is only to be found in the internal ſtate of the mind. Devout and happy diſpoſitions of ſoul have indeed much leſs dependance upon outward circumſtances than people

in

in general imagine. Men fooliſhly neglect to attend to religious ſenſibilities, or to cultivate a ſpiritual intercourſe with the great *Father of ſpirits*: And then think to excuſe themſelves by lamenting their ſituation in life, as unfavourable to theſe purpoſes. Thoſe, who earn their daily bread by the ſweat of their brow, are apt to imagine, that, if they were in eaſy circumſtances, they ſhould have leiſure to attend to their eternal concerns; but no ſooner does wealth increaſe, than their care and attention to it increaſe in proportion, and they find themſelves more and more embarraſſed and leſs at leiſure than ever they had been. Others think, that by reſolutely breaking off from all intercourſe and connection with the reſt of mankind, retiring into gloomy woods, burying themſelves, as Anchorites in

caves, and denying themſelves even the innocent gratifications of nature, they ſhall moſt aſſuredly recommend themſelves to the favour of Heaven, and ſtrictly conform to the idea they have entertained of *ſaints* upon earth. But they ſhould conſider, in the firſt place, that they attempt in vain to fly from their own evil diſpoſitions, which will purſue and torment them in their cloſeſt retreats; and in the ſecond place, that by retiring from the world, they loſe the only opportunities they can poſſibly have of calling forth a thouſand tender ſenſibilities, and exerciſing a thouſand tender offices of ſympathy, compaſſion, charity and benevolence.

Excuſe, my Lord, this ſhort digreſſion, into which my ſubject has almoſt involuntarily led me.——I will now purſue my narration. Beſide

Beſide the two large buildings above-mentioned, the *Dunkers* have ſeveral ſmaller ones, chiefly for the purpoſe of manufactures. They carry on ſeveral branches of buſineſs with great ſkill and induſtry. They have a convenient oil-mill, paper-mill, and printing-preſs. They make parchment, tan leather, and manufacture linen and woollen cloth, more than ſufficient to ſerve their own ſociety. The ſiſters are ingenious at making wax-tapers, curious paper-lanthorns, and various kinds of paſteboard boxes, which they ſell to ſtrangers who come to viſit them. They likewiſe amuſe themſelves with writing favourite texts of ſcripture in large letters curiouſly ornamented with flowers and foliage. Theſe ſeem to be rather works of patience than of genius: ſeveral of them are framed and

hung up to decorate their place of worſhip. Incloſed I ſend your Lordſhip a ſpecimen of this writing, which you may, perhaps, think worthy of a place in your collection of foreign curioſities.

I ſhall at preſent remark but one thing more, with reſpect to the *Dunkers*, and that is, the peculiarity of their *muſic*. Upon an hint given by my friend, the ſiſters invited us into their chapel, and, ſeating themſelves in order, began to ſing one of their devout hymns. The muſic had little or no air or melody; but conſiſted of ſimple, long notes, combined in the richeſt harmony. The counter, treble, tenor and baſs were all ſung by women, with ſweet, ſhrill and ſmall voices; but with a truth and exactneſs in the

the time and intonation that was admirable. It is impoſſible to deſcribe to your Lordſhip my feelings upon this occaſion. The performers ſatwith their heads reclined, their countenances ſolemn and dejected, their faces pale and emaciated from their manner of living, their clothing exceeding white and quite pictureſque, and their muſic ſuch as thrilled to the very ſoul.—I almoſt began to think myſelf in the world of ſpirits, and that the objects before me were ethereal. In ſhort, the impreſſion this ſcene made upon my mind continued ſtrong for many days, and I believe, will never be wholly obliterated.

By way of concluding this little narrative, I beg leave to tranſcribe a copy of verſes, which P——R M———R, the

the preſent head of this ſociety, put into my hands, telling me, that they were compoſed by a young gentleman of Philadelphia ſome years ago, in conſequence of a viſit he made him, and a converſation which then paſſed between them. The ſentiments are ſo catholic, that I think your Lordſhip cannot but have ſome pleaſure in the peruſal.

To P——R M——R, *Principal of the Society of* DUNKERS *at* EPHRATA.

TH' Eternal God from his exalted throne
Surveys at once earth, heav'n and worlds unknown:
All things that are *before his piercing eye*
Like the plain tracings of a picture lie:
Unutter'd thoughts, deep in the heart conceal'd,
In ſtrong expreſſion ſtand to him reveal'd:
Thouſands and twice ten thouſands every day
To him or feign'd or real homage pay:

Like

Like clouds of incenſe rolling to the ſkies,
In various forms their ſupplications riſe:
Their various forms to him no acceſs gain,
Without the heart's true incenſe, all are vain;
The ſuppliants ſecret motives there appear
The genuine ſource of every offer'd prayer.

Some place RELIGION *on a throne ſuperb,*
And deck with jewels her reſplendent garb;
Painting and ſculpture all their powers diſplay,
And lofty tapers ſhed a lambent ray.
High on the full-ton'd organ's ſwelling ſound,
The pleaſing anthem floats ſerenely round;
Harmonic ſtrains their thrilling pow'rs combine,
And lift the ſoul to ecſtacy divine.

In Ephrata's *deep gloom you fix your ſeat,*
And ſeek Religion *in the dark retreat;*
In ſable weeds you dreſs the heav'n-born maid,
And place her penſive in the lonely ſhade;
Recluſe, unſocial, you your hours employ,
And fearful, baniſh every harmleſs joy.

Each

Each may admire and uſe their fav'rite form,
If Heav'n's own flame their glowing boſoms warm.
If love divine of God and man be there,
The deep-felt want that forms the ardent prayer,
The grateful ſenſe of bleſſings freely given,
The boon, unſought, unmerited, of heav'n,
'Tis true devotion—and the Lord of love,
Such pray'rs and praiſes kindly will approve,
Whether from golden altars they ariſe,
And wrapt in ſound and incenſe reach the ſkies;
Or from your Ephrata, *ſo meek, ſo low,*
In ſoft and ſilent aſpirations flow.

Oh! let the Chriſtian *bleſs that glorious day,*
When outward forms ſhall all be done away,
When we, in ſpirit and in truth alone,
Shall bend, O God! before thy awful throne,
And thou, our purer worſhip ſhalt approve
By ſweet returns of everlaſting love.

One circumſtance I had like to have omitted in this account of *Ephrata*, which I would not wiſh to paſs by unnoticed.

noticed.—There is an houſe in this village occupied by four or five brethren, who for ſome years paſt have ſeparated themſelves from the reſt, on account, as it is ſaid, of ſome difference with reſpect to their forms of diſcipline and worſhip. I had a long converſation upon this ſubject with a venerable old man, who is one of the original proprietors or truſtees of the eſtate. From him I found, that a further acquaintance with the reality of religion, (as it takes its riſe and progreſs in the heart of man, and depends much leſs upon outward forms than inward communications from the fountain of truth) was the ſole cauſe of their ſeparation. It was not, ſaid the good man, that we were diſſatisfied with their particular form, but that we had diſcovered the weakneſs and inſufficiency of all forms; and

and were therefore willing to anticipate in our own practice, that bleſſed period of the church, when every true worſhipper ſhall worſhip God, " in Spirit and in Truth." Though theſe few brethren are not in communion with the *Dunkers*, they have a right to their proportion of the produce of the eſtate; and this, together with ſome little occupation, which each of them follows, gives them a ſufficient ſupport. They wear not the habit of the ſociety—but are diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by ſhorter coats with leathern girdles, and large white hats inſtead of hoods. They continue, however, to wear their beards.

I muſt not conclude without acquainting your Lordſhip, that your excellent *Diſſertations* have found their way here, and are much read and admired

mired in this city. It cannot but give the higheſt ſatisfaction to a virtuous man, to find that his good works extend their influence much farther than he could poſſibly have foreſeen; and, like a friendly luminary hung out in a dark night, ſerve to direct the weary ſteps of the diſtant traveller.

I am, my Lord, with very ſincere reſpect,

Your Lordſhip's moſt devoted

Friend and ſervant,

T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.* 2. 1771.

P. S. I beg your Lordſhip would make my reſpectful compliments to Lady R——, and tell her, that I ſhall ſhortly viſit Mr. B——M, the famous *American Botaniſt*, and will not fail to procure her ſome ſeeds and plants of this country, to add to her large and valuable collection.

LETTER VI.

To CHARLES MARSEILLES, Esq; *at* NEW-YORK.

DEAR CHARLES,

I HAVE the pleaſure to inform you, that we are like to be made happy very ſoon with the company of our agreeable friend, Capt. L——. A copy of a letter which I have juſt received from him, conceived and expreſſed in his own ſweet and gentle turn of ſentiment and language, I cannot forbear communicating to you. The original I preſerve among many others, with which he has been ſo kind as to favour me, ſince we parted. 'Tis dated from

from *Tuſculum*, as he calls it, a little elegant receſs, which his father has lately given him, on the banks of the *Humber*, a few miles above *Hull*. He writes as follows:

" I am juſt returned from an excur-
" ſion to *Oxford*; where I ran over in
" imagination, every ſcene of pleaſure,
" which I once ſhared with our worthy
" fellow-ſtudents of *Magdalen-Hall*:
" Every field, every grove, every tree,
" that ſurrounds theſe ſweet retreats of
" ſcience, reminded me of ſome morn-
" ing or evening walk, ſome pleaſing
" and improving converſation, in
" which I had borne my part. I al-
" moſt wiſhed to occupy once more,
" for a ſeaſon, the chamber in which I
" have ſo often been bleſſed with the
" ſociety of ſuch agreeable friends.

" But believe me, 'twas only for a
" ſeaſon, that I formed ſuch a wiſh.
" For my happineſs at preſent infinite-
" ly exceeds all that I have heretofore
" experienced, even when P—— and
" M——, and you my much loved
" C——, conſpired to make me think
" my bliſs compleat. Twelve cheer-
" ful moons have now rolled round
" this globe, ſince ASPASIA was my
" own. An uninterrupted ſucceſſion
" of calm domeſtic joys has crowned
" my ardent expectations. Every vir-
" tue that the female mind can boaſt
" is happily centered in my fair com-
" panion. Bleſt beyond my moſt ſan-
" guine hopes at home, I roam not
" now for happineſs abroad.—The
" leiſure which peace beſtows upon
" the weary ſoldier, I have wholly de-
" voted to her ſweet and ſoothing con-
" verſe.—

" verſe.—Happy, indeed, if this lei-
" ſure could have continued ſtill—But
" alas! the call of honour muſt ſilence
" for a while the voice of love.

" A few days ſince, I received or-
" ders from General G——, to repair
" without delay to my regiment at
" *Boſton*.—No ſhip offering immedi-
" ately for that port, I have deſired a
" friend in *London*, to ſecure me a paſ-
" ſage in the firſt that ſails for *Phila-*
" *delphia* or *New-York*—ſo that in a
" few days all my preſent ſoftening
" proſpects muſt be changed for the
" rude horrors of the boiſterous At-
" lantic. In expectation of ſuch a call,
" my ASPASIA had ſome time ago, ex-
" preſſed a deſire of accompanying me;
" and we ſeriouſly thought of facing
" the angry ſurge in each other's arms:

" But theſe hopes are now diſſipated
" by the proſpect of a new connexion,
" with which the dear creature is al-
" ready alarmed, and which, as ſoon
" as produced, will open a new ſcene
" of tenderneſs and love—" *Caſta,*
" *fave,* LUCINA! would have been an
" heathen's prayer. But, as a chriſtian,
" I moſt fervently beſeech the great
" God and Father of angels and men,
" that he would mercifully complete
" the work he hath begun, and that
" the beſt of women may not want a
" little ſoothing comforter to cheer the
" lone irkſome hours of her ſhepherd's
" abſence.—Enough, however, on this
" melancholy ſubject.—Nought can
" alleviate my painful anticipations,
" but the hope of meeting with you
" and CHARLES in *America.*

" Your

" Your viſit to the colonies produced
" various ſpeculations among our *Ox-*
" *ford* friends. Lord H——'s political
" character induced many to conclude,
" that he was particularly intereſted in
" it, and expected much information
" with reſpect to American affairs,
" from your ſagacious and penetrating
" enquiries. But I knew you too well
" to think, that you were engaged in
" any miniſterial ſervices, or that aught
" but your own curioſity, and thirſt of
" knowledge, had carried you from
" home. The benevolence of Lord
" H——, hath indeed furniſhed you
" with the means of gratifying your
" laudable deſires; but I know, that
" it is not from you, he looks for a
" return in the political way. The
" only perſon that ſeems to be in the
" ſecret is my Lord P——, who has

" been

" been at *Oxford* for ſome time paſt;
" and very kindly communicated a
" long and entertaining letter, which
" he had received from you, to a little
" circle of *Magdalen*'s ſons. From this
" letter we all concluded, that your
" obſervations would chiefly be em-
" ployed upon literary and religious
" ſubjects; and congratulated each
" other upon the agreeable intelligence
" of this kind, we ſhould from time
" to time be favoured with from you.
" —I write in haſte, and write only
" to you. Tell CHARLES, he may
" expect me very ſoon. My ASPASIA
" is under ſome little apprehenſions
" about a winter's paſſage—But I
" leave all to ſuperior direction. *Chriſto*
" *duce, nil deſperandum.*—You ſee, I
" write like a ſoldier.—For I profeſs
" myſelf a Chriſtian, as well as an
" Engliſhman

" Engliſhman *militant*.——Adieu, be-
" lieve me to be, with real and un-
" feigned affection,

" Your moſt ſincere friend
" And ſervant,

G——— L———."

Tuſculum, upon the banks of Humber, Nov. 10, 1771.

I always thought, my dear CHARLES, that our Captain's temper and diſpoſition were more ſuited to the mild and gentle offices of private and domeſtic life, than the hurrying and turbulent employments of war. Courage he never wanted. But it is not of the furious, fiery kind. 'Tis like himſelf, ſteady, firm and compoſed. Lord GRANBY once told his father in *Germany*, that though he was not formed for enterprize, there was not an officer under

der his command, that maintained his poſt and exeeuted what he had to do with more reſolution and firmneſs than young GEORGE. He has an high ſenſe of honour, but it is under the controul of religion. No man that knows him doubts his courage; though he has frequently declared, that he deſpiſes that paltry kind of honour, which is to be gained or loſt by accepting or refuſing a challenge.—He is not afraid to fight:—He is not afraid to die:—But he is afraid to offend his Maker, by wantonly ſporting with that life, which he received from him, and which he only has a right to diſpoſe of. Indeed, Captain L——is truly religious, without the leaſt affectation or parade.—He is much beloved in the army; and was never known to have any difference with his brother officers.

LEONORA

LEONORA is come to town. I drank tea with her yeſterday; and could not forbear reading to her the tender part of our friend's letter which relates to ASPASIA.—I ſaw the involuntary tear ſteal down and mingle with the roſes on her cheek.—I ſaw her boſom ſwelling to give vent to the involuntary ſigh.—This tear—this ſigh—ſpake a language, which my heart could readily interpret.—The image of her beloved B—— preſſed upon her ſoul.—In feeling for ASPASIA, ſhe felt doubly for herſelf.—"Heaven preſerve the dear abſent youth, (niethinks ſhe would have ſaid) and haſten the ſweet period, which ſhall realize to my heart the endearing ſcenes, which have crowned the virtuous ASPASIA's love! But O let me not, like her, ever experience the pangs even of a temporary ſeparation!"

After

After tea, LEONORA propoſed viſiting a Lady whom I ſhall hereafter characterize under the name of ALMIRA. We found her at her harpſichord;—her huſband, whom I ſhall call AMYNTOR, leaning over her chair, and both accompanying the inſtrument with their voices. — They attempted to riſe as ſoon as we entered the room; but as we preſſed them to let us ſhare in the ſweet entertainment they were giving to each other—they very obligingly conſented. — It was a plain, ſimple little ſong, compoſed by a Gentleman of this city, when he was about to leave England a few years ago, and addreſſed to a young Lady, a niece of my Lord ——, at whoſe country ſeat in *Berkſhire*, he was moſt hoſpitably entertained.— ALMIRA favoured me with a copy, which I herewith ſend you.

Soon

Soon, MYRTILLA, muſt thy friend
  Haſten to a diſtant ſhore;
May propitious gales attend,
  May they waft him ſafely o'er!

When to penſive joys inclin'd
  Thro' my native groves I ſtray,
Thy dear image to my mind
  Soothing pleaſures ſhall convey.

Fancy oft in airy flight,
  Will direct her courſe to you,
Bringing ſcenes of paſt delight
  Back to my enraptur'd view.

Oft ſhall *Schuylkill's* rocky ſhore,
  With her waving woods around,
Thy fond name repeating o'er,
  Strive to ſwell the pleaſing ſound,

Thus with friendſhip moſt ſincere,
  Shall my faithful boſom glow;

All thy virtues I'll revere
With ſuch love as angels know.

Hoping ſtill, though far from thee,
I ſhall ſhare thy dear regard,
Which delightful thought ſhall be
My firm conſtancy's reward.

There is a ſimplicity in the ſentiment and language here, that ſhould ever be the principal characteriſtic of a ſong. The meaſure too is ſuch as conſiderably aids this ſimplicity. GAY and SHENSTONE excel much in this way; and 'tis no deſpicable ſpecies of poetry. Our old ballads will ever affect a ſenſible heart; and there are few modern ſongs, that can come in competition with them. The tender-hearted LEONORA wept at every ſtanza. I could have wept with her—and ſo could you, if your

your heart has not loſt thoſe fine ſenſibilities, which you once gloried in. O CHARLES! there is more of heaven in theſe feelings, than we are aware of. The moroſe religioniſt, and the ſupercilious phariſee may deſpiſe them; and 'tis true, that like many other gifts of heaven, they have been proſtituted to the ſervice of vice—But under the direction of a virtuous heart, they are precious—they are angelical—they inſpire a joy, which the groſs ſenſualiſt will ever be a ſtranger to.—Let no pretended ſpiritualiſts talk you out of them. They can give you nothing in exchange but notions and opinions, whimſical and viſionary.—The ſureſt teſtimony we can have in ourſelves, or give to others, of being truly religious, ariſes from a meek and quiet ſpirit, a tender ſympathy in each other's joys

and ſorrows, an humble opinion of ourſelves, an abhorrence of pride and ſelfiſhneſs in every ſhape, and a perpetual looking to an higher world than this, for the perfection of thoſe virtues and graces, which are here but in their embryo ſtate.—Excuſe this little preachment.—I give you full liberty to preach to me in your turn—And am with great truth,

Your moſt affectionate friend
And ſervant,
T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,
Jan. 12, 1772.

LETTER VII.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD VISCOUNT P——, QUEEN-STREET, *Weſtminſter.*

MY LORD,

BEFORE this letter can poſſibly reach your Lordſhip, you will have exchanged the calm ſcenes of philoſophy, and the pleaſing converſe of the muſes for the noiſe of party, the petulance of falſe patriotiſm, and the ſurer though gentler operations of miniſterial intrigue. Your Lordſhip enters the political theatre, not with a view of ſtepping forth as an actor upon

the ſtage, but as a candid ſpectator, intereſted indeed in the conduct of every particular ſcene, but more deeply intereſted in the winding up of the *drama*. Your honeſt *plaudit*, therefore, is given or with-held, according as the meaſures adviſed and purſued on either ſide, appear to you to be agreeable or repugnant to the dictates of virtue, and the ſpirit of Britiſh liberty. If this letter ſhould meet your Lordſhip, preparing to go to Court or Parliament, lay it down, when you have read thus far.—Its contents ought not to interfere with matters of higher concern.—They are only intended for the innocent amuſement of your leiſure moments; the poor accompliſhment of a promiſe, which your Lordſhip condeſcended to exact from me at parting.

Indeed,

Indeed, my Lord, I know not how it is, but I begin to find myſelf ſtrangely attached to this Weſtern World. I ſometimes think that I could contentedly take up my abode here for life. I have no family connexions in England; and if I could but make my intereſt coincide with my inclination, I know no country that I have hitherto viſited, which has promiſed me more ſatisfaction than this.—All depends, however, upon my Lord H———: I have written to him upon the ſubject; and I flatter myſelf, that my application will not fail of ſucceſs.

My attachment to America, I am apt to think, in a great meaſure proceeds from the proſpect of its growing greatneſs, to which every day ſeems more or leſs to contribute. In Europe, the

the ſeveral arts and ſciences are almoſt arrived at their meridian of perfection; at leaſt, new diſcoveries are leſs frequent now than heretofore.—Architecture, gardening, agriculture, mechanics, are at a ſtand. The eye is weary with a repetition of ſcenes, in which it diſcovers a perpetual ſameneſs, though heightened by all the refinements of taſte. Excellency itſelf, in works of human art, cloys the faculties, if the mind is not now and then relieved by objects of inferior beauty. After roving over the magnificence of churches and palaces, we are glad to fix a while upon a ſimple farm-houſe or ſtraw-built cottage. We feel a particular delight in tracing the windings of a beautiful river from its firſt ſprings 'till it empties itſelf into the vaſt ocean.—The mind purſues it through an immenſe tract of

variegated

variegated country, and ſeems to flow, and increaſe, and widen along with it, 'till it loſes itſelf in the abyſs of waters.

The objects of art, as well as thoſe of nature, in this new world, are at preſent in ſuch a ſtate, as affords the higheſt entertainment to theſe faculties of the mind. The progreſſion is begun: Here and there, in the midſt of venerable woods, which, ſcarce a century ago, were the uncultivated haunts of roaming ſavages, the power of cultivation preſents itſelf to the travellers view, in opening lawns, covered with the richeſt verdure, fields of corn, orchards, gardens, and meadows fertilized by well-directed ſtreams—Hamlets, villages, and even populous cities, with their towering ſpires, excite our admiration.—We are ſtruck with the

charm

charm of novelty, wherever we go— The compariſon is always at hand— For, within the compaſs of a ſhort mile, we may behold at once, *nature* in her original ruſticity, and *art* riſing by rapid advances to perfection.

The progreſs of the human mind may here likewiſe be obſerved to keep equal pace with the external improvements.— The gradual poliſh of manners, from aukwardneſs itſelf even to courtly civility; from ſuperſtitious notions, and bigotted religious attachments, to liberal, enlarged ſentiments, and genuine ſpiritual devotion may very readily be traced by a thoughtful and inquiſitive mind. All the powers of nature ſeem to be upon the ſtretch, as if they were in purſuit of ſomething higher ſtill, in ſcience, in manners, in religion itſelf, than the mother country can afford.

Indeed

Indeed my Lord, I feel my heart expand at the immenſe proſpect that irreſiſtably opens upon me.—I ſee new kingdoms and empires ruſhing forth from their embryo ſtate, eager to diſcloſe their latent powers; whilſt the old ones on the other ſide of the Atlantic, "hide their diminiſhed heads," loſt in ſuperior luſtre.—I ſee learning ſtripped of all ſcholaſtic pedantry, and religion reſtored to goſpel purity.—I ſee the laſt efforts of a powerful Providence exerted, in order to reclaim our wandering race from the paths of ignorance and error.—I ſee the ſetting rays of the *Sun of Righteouſneſs* ſhining forth with ſeven-fold luſtre to the utmoſt bourn of this Weſtern Continent.

Wonder not, then, my Lord, at my attachment to this favoured ſpot.

I tread the hallowed ſoil with far higher pleaſures from *anticipation* than your claſſic enthuſiaſts feel from *reflection*, whilſt they kiſs the floor of *Tuſculum*, or walk the "*Eternal flint by Conſuls trod.*" There is one thought indeed that throws a damp upon that ardour of joy, which ſuch ſpeculations generally produce in my breaſt. From the ſtrange propenſity of human nature to abuſe the richeſt gifts of providence, (of which hiſtory as well as experience afford us ſo many ſad examples) I fear, leſt the old leaven of wickedneſs ſhould inſinuate itſelf again by degrees, till it has corrupted the whole maſs; leſt the melancholy ſcenes we have beheld in the kingdoms and churches of the *Eaſt*, ſhould be acted over again in the *Weſt*; and the declenſion of ſound knowledge and virtuous practice, ſhould be more

rapid

rapid than their increaſe and advancement.

Your Lordſhip has ſeen the works of the divine HERBERT. You may remember how exceſſively fond Dr. R———Y was of his poems, and how earneſtly he would recommend his excellent little treatiſe, called *The Country Parſon*, to all his pupils, who were to be candidates for holy orders. Leſt you ſhould not have the book by you, I muſt beg leave to tranſcribe a very remarkable paſſage from a poem, entitled, *The Church Militant*, which, as it relates wholly to *America*, and breathes a kind of prophetic ſpirit, has generally been called "*Herbert*'s Prophecy." The language is uncouth, and the meaſure far from harmonious—But there is ſomething very animated and ſtriking in the ſentiment.

" Religion ſtands on tip-toe in our land,
" Ready to paſs to the *American* ſtrand.
" When height of malice and prodigious
" luſts,
" Impudent ſinning, witchcrafts and diſ-
" truſts,
" (The marks of future bane) ſhall fill our
" cup
" Unto the brim, and make our meaſure up;
" When *Seine* ſhall ſwallow *Tiber*, and the
" *Thames*
" By letting in them both, pollutes her
" ſtreams:
" When *Italy* of us ſhall have her will,
" And all her calendar of ſins fulfil;
" Whereby one may foretell what ſins next
" year
" Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer;
" Then ſhall Religion to *America* flee:
" They have their times of goſpel ev'n as we.
" My God, thou doſt prepare for them a way,
" By carrying firſt their gold from them away:
" For gold and grace did never yet agree;
" Religion always ſides with poverty.

" We

" We think we rob them, but we think
" amiſs:
" We are more poor, and they more rich
" by this.
" Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making
" grace
" To pay our debts, and leave our ancient
" place
" To go to them, while that which now
" their nation
" But lends to us, ſhall be our deſolation.
" Yet as the Church ſhall thither weſtward
" flie,
" So ſin ſhall trace and dog her inſtantly:
" They have their period alſo and ſet times,
" Both for their virtuous actions and their
" crimes,
" And where of old the empire and the arts
" Uſher'd the goſpel ever in mens' hearts,
" *Spain* hath done one; when arts perform
" the other,
" The church ſhall come, and ſin the church
" ſhall ſmother:

" That

" That when they have accompliſhed the
" round,
" And met in th' Eaſt, their firſt and an-
" cient ſound,
" Judgment may meet them both and
" ſearch them round.
" Thus do both lights, as well in church as
" ſun,
" Light one another and together run,
" Thus alſo ſin and darkneſs follow ſtill
" The church and ſun with all their power
" and ſkill.
" But as the ſun ſtill goes both weſt and eaſt;
" So alſo did the church, by going weſt
" Still eaſtward go; becauſe it drew more
" near
" To time and place, where judgment ſhall
" appear."

You ſee, my Lord, from the ſhort ſketches which I have given you, that *Herbert*'s prophecy, if it may be ſo called (though it is no more than what

our

our ſchool-men have ſtiled reaſoning from *analogy*) is fulfilling faſt.—Arts and religion ſtill keep pace with each other; and 'tis not improbable, as he conjectures, that their return to the *Eaſt* will be the "*time and place where judgment ſhall appear.*"

I have no particular news to communicate to your Lordſhip, but that a new Governor of the PENN family is lately arrived here.—As he formerly ſpent ſome time in this province, and made himſelf agreeable to moſt of the principal families, his appointment gives univerſal ſatisfaction. Your Lordſhip, if I remember, told me, before I left *England*, that you had ſeen his brother, the late Governor, when you were very young, either at *Rome* or *Geneva*.

Speaking of *Rome* reminds me of a viſit I lately received from the Rector of the Roman Catholic church in this city, in conſequence of a letter I ſent to him from Mr. PHILIPS, the author of the life of Cardinal POLE, which has lately revived much of the old controverſy in *England*.—Mr. H——G, (for this is the name of the Rector) appears to be a decent, well-bred Gentleman; and I am told, he is much eſteemed by all denominations of chriſtians in this city, for his prudence, his moderation, his known attachment to Britiſh liberty, and his unaffected pious labours among the people to whom he officiates. He correſponds with our old friend ABBE GR——T at *Rome*. He was ſo obliging as to invite my friend the Merchant and myſelf to ſpend an hour

hour with him in his little *Carthuſian* cell, as he called it. This ſmall apartment joins an old Gothic Chapel, and together with another oppoſite to it, (which is occupied by an aſſiſtant German Prieſt) forms a kind of porch through which you enter the Chapel. Here the venerable man entertained us very agreeably; and as I was particularly inquiſitive about the ſettlement and labours of his brethren the *Jeſuits* at *Paraguay*, he put into my hands, at parting, a very circumſtantial narrative of the riſe and progreſs of theſe ſettlements, written by one *Muratori*, which I have ſince read with much pleaſure.

I expect by Capt. L—— the honour of a line or two from your Lordſhip. CHARLES continues ſtill at *New-York*.

I foreſee, that his political obſervations will ſoon be changed into religious ones, and I fear, of ſuch a nature, as will not be very acceptable to ſome of his friends.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt devoted friend,

And obliged ſervant,

T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,
January 14, 1772.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To CHARLES MARSEILLES, ESQ; *at* NEW-YORK.

DEAR CHARLES,

ONE day laſt week having been invited to breakfaſt with a Gentleman and Lady * in this city, who have been married ſeveral years, I was ſhewn by the ſervant into a neat little room, and deſired to ſit down, 'till he ſhould call his miſtreſs, who, he ſaid, had that moment ſtepped up ſtairs. The apparatus for breakfaſt was upon the table; and, as my eye glanced over it, I obſerved a piece of paper careleſsly folded up, and thrown into one of the

* See letter VI.

bowls—

bowls—A pen and ink ſtanding by, I immediately concluded, that the Lady, who was remarkable for being a good œconomiſt, had been ſetting down ſome little expences in a hurry, intending, perhaps, to enter them at leiſure into her day-book. My curioſity prompted me to unfold the paper, with a deſign of rallying her a little, when ſhe appeared, upon the exactneſs of her œconomy. But judge of my ſurprize, when, inſtead of a family account, I met with the following ſenſible, eaſy and unaffected little eſſay, which ſeems to have been her morning meditation, juſt poured forth extempore from an heart, deeply touched with a ſenſibility of its own domeſtic bliſs.

As ſhe did not come down immediately, I had leiſure to peruſe the whole

—I

—I here tranſcribe it—and doubt not, but that your honeſt heart will thrill with pleaſure, whilſt you are reading it.

" If ever we may be allowed to ſay, " that marriages are made in heaven, " it muſt be, when the union is form- " ed upon a diſintereſted affection, a " love that cannot be deſcribed even " by thoſe who have felt it—My own " heart tells me, that it is beyond all " deſcription—Sure I am, that the " flame is kindled, and cheriſhed too, " by a ſuperior power. 'Tis not a " pretty face, or an elegant perſon— " 'tis not a brilliant wit, or a fine un- " derſtanding, that can excite or pre- " ſerve mutual affection—It ſprings " from an higher ſource—It has been " known to ſubſiſt in its utmoſt ar- " dour, where theſe accompliſhments

" have

" have been wanting.—There is a
" nameleſs ſympathy of congenial ſouls,
" even among thoſe of the *ſame* ſex—
" which is felt—which cannot be de-
" ſcribed—but which liſping mortals
" have denominated FRIENDSHIP.
" When this nameleſs ſympathy meets
" in congenial ſouls of *different* ſexes,
" 'tis amazingly heightened—Friend-
" ſhip cannot expreſs the ſenſation—
" and we have learned to call it by
" the name of LOVE. A name, in-
" deed, ſadly profaned by the lips of
" the ſenſualiſt, the covetous and am-
" bitious—but felt and underſtood in
" its true meaning and import by thoſe
" alone, who ſeek for happineſs in the
" ſweet tranquility of domeſtic endear-
" ments—who conſider the lover and
" huſband but as one and the ſame
" character.

" Such

" Such an union is indeed *devoutly*
" *to be wiſhed for*; and, when once
" accompliſhed, the pleaſures of life
" are enjoyed with a double reliſh,
" becauſe each, beſides his own, par-
" takes of a beloved partner's ſenſati-
" ons — Misfortunes too — (and who
" ever taſted the cup of life, with-
" out finding ſome bitterneſs in the
" draught?) Misfortunes too loſe half
" their weight, by being divided—and
" as each aſſiſts the other to bear the
" load, ſo each comforts the other,
" whilſt labouring under it. Time,
" the general deſtroyer of temporal
" objects and human joys, perpetuates
" and increaſes ſuch a felicity as this;
" which depends not ſo much upon
" external circumſtances, as upon the
" internal feelings of their own breaſts.
" In the days of their marriage they

" may with more propriety be called
" *Lovers*, than in the days of their
" courtſhip.

" Failings, no doubt, each muſt
" diſcover in the other—and will diſ-
" cover, as long as the angel is clog-
" ged with fetters of mortality.——
" But even in theſe, they ſo much re-
" ſemble one another, that they ſoon
" learn, either to overlook them, or
" to bear them with a meekneſs, which
" true love never fails of inſpiring.

" This ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, mu-
" tual forbearance, and uninterrupted
" intercourſe of endearing ſenſibilities,
" muſt not only ſecure to them all the
" bliſs which this world has to give—
" but muſt be an excellent preparative
" for their future enjoyment of thoſe
" eternal

" eternal ſcenes, where LOVE reigns
" without the leaſt alloy of any ſordid
" paſſion, and to which they will carry
" with them the ſame affections dou-
" bly purified, and darting back from
" their beatified ſpirits to that lovely
" center from whence they originally
" came.

" GREAT SOURCE of LOVE enable
" me——"

Here ſtopped her hand——interrupted, probably, in her pious ejaculation by ſome family call, to which ſhe always cheerfully ſacrificed her own private ſatisfactions.

Scarce had I read the paper and replaced it in the bowl, before ALMIRA made her appearance, and welcomed

me to her houſe with that unaffected ſweetneſs of addreſs, which ever attends and indicates a meek and humble heart. —Indeed I have long been of opinion, that true politeneſs is not indebted ſolely to art, or what is generally called good company, but derives its peculiar charm from an higher original—*and breathes and taſtes of* HEAVEN.

I immediately confeſſed, and begged pardon of the good Lady for the liberty I had taken to peep into her manuſcript.—With a bluſh of genuine modeſty ſhe excuſed me, apologized delicately for the haſty ſcrawl, as ſhe called it, and hoped that her ſentiments met with my approbation.

I was juſt going to expreſs the high ſatisfaction, which theſe ſentiments had given

given me, when AMYNTOR, the huſband and the lover of ALMIRA, entered in from his morning walk——I ſaw the glance darted and catched from the eyes of both—It ſpoke a thouſand feelings, which all the ſoftneſs of language could never have expreſſed. AMYNTOR's friendſhip for me dictated ſuch a welcome, as would have warmed the coldeſt heart. It failed not of kindling the flame in mine; and with theſe two married lovers, I was more highly and rationally entertained, than ever I had been at a breakfaſt before.

Juſt at parting I communicated what had paſt to AMYNTOR, who at my earneſt requeſt furniſhed me with a copy of ALMYRA's eſſay next morning.

I am moſt affectionately your's, *&c.*

T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,
Jan. 20, 1772.

P. S. I have not ſeen Mrs. G———. She is gone with her youngeſt daughter to Briſtol, a little village upon the Delaware, about twenty miles from this city, for the benefit of ſome mineral waters there, which are ſaid to have performed many ſurprizing cures.—When ſhe returns, I will not fail to wait upon her, and deliver your letter, with the little ode of mine you are pleaſed to mention with ſo much approbation.

LETTER IX.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD VISCOUNT P——, QUEEN-STREET, *Weſtminſter.*

MY LORD,

I HAD the honour of your Lordſhip's very obliging letter by Capt. L——, who after a moſt turbulent paſſage, arrived here on the 10th inſtant. My friend the merchant introduced him to me the next morning, whilſt I was ſitting penſive in my chamber, as a Gentleman juſt arrived from *England*, who had aſked very particularly after me.—As he was dreſſed in a plain brown ſuit of cloaths. I did not immediately know him, having been long

long accuſtomed to ſee him in regimentals.—But the moment he ſpake, and ſmiled, I recognized my fellow ſtudent, and we embraced each other with all the affection of our juvenile friendſhip. He ſoon opened to me the myſtery of his new garb, by informing me, that he had been adviſed by his friends, and particularly by your Lordſhip, to ſolicit one of the new appointments in *N. America*, and as a preparative to this, to diſpoſe of his commiſſion without delay; that accordingly he had loſt no time,—Sir J——n H——t having been glad of the opportunity of purchaſing for his nephew, who immediately embarked for *Boſton*, to join the regiment;— that backed by your Lordſhip's intereſt, and the perſonal application of LADY CAROLINE, he obtained from Lord N——H a patent for the

the office of ——— in ———; that the death of his father, and of Mrs. L———'s aunt about the ſame time, had thrown a gloom over his little *Tuſculum*, damped the wonted chearfulneſs of their evening fire-ſide, and determined him to part with that agreeable receſs, and remove Mrs. L———, who had now bleſſed him with a precious pledge of their love, to a ſeat of his uncle's, near *Beverley*; that he would not venture to bring her with him to *America*, 'till he had fixed upon the place of his reſidence, and got every thing accommodated for her reception.

I could not but expreſs my approbation of this change in his circumſtances; at the ſame time that I ſincerely ſympathized with him upon the melancholy

choly events that produced it.——The emoluments of his office, together with the caſh into which he has converted his little eſtate, will enable him to live with elegance as well as comfort in ———. He will be fixed in a very agreeable and polite neighbourhood; and enjoy all that domeſtic felicity, after which his heart has ſo long aſpired. For my part, I confeſs, that my fondeſt wiſhes would be gratified, could I obtain ſo decent and honourable a proviſion for life. Experience has taught me to feel the truth, which the poet ſweetly ſings,

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Pilgrims

Pilgrims we certainly are in this world—and I know of no conſideration, that can alleviate the numberleſs evils, and diſappointments to which we are ſubject whilſt we are here, but this;—that we belong to another world, which was our *original*, and muſt be our *final* home—that the preſent ſtate of our exiſtence, is no other than a ſtate of purification; and that according to ſcripture, reaſon and common ſenſe, our felicity here, as well as hereafter, muſt wholly depend upon an immediate intercourſe opened and continued betwixt our ſpirits, and the ETERNAL SOURCE of GOODNESS. This your Lordſhip knows is not *Enthuſiaſm*, but true rational *ſcriptural* religion.

Ever ſince our friend's arrival, my time has been almoſt wholly taken up in

in going round with him, and viſiting the ſeveral places in and about this *Metropolis*, which are worthy the attention of a ſtranger. The other day, whilſt we were walking in the public hall of the college with the *Provoſt*, and a clergyman from the iſland of *Barbados*, who was formerly of *Merton-College*, *Oxford*, I took the liberty of aſking the latter, whether he thought a *private* or *public* education moſt advantageous. He did not heſitate to pronounce in favour of an education at a public ſchool; —and advanced ſeveral reaſons in ſupport of his opinion, that appeared to me clear and convincing; but added at the ſame time, that he could not help thinking, that the advantages of a public education would be much more conſiderable, were the perſons concerned in the management of ſeminaries,

to

to allow themſelves more latitude in their modes of teaching, as well as in the choice of ſubjects for their lectures.

To be inſtructed, ſaid he, in the learned languages, in the ſeveral branches of ſcience, and the deeper parts of philoſophy, is not the whole intent of ſending youth to a public ſchool. Theſe may be acquired, perhaps, to an equal perfection under a private tutor at home. But every parent has a right to expect, when he is at the expence of giving his child a regular *univerſity* education, that he ſhould be turned out, not only a good ſcholar, but a well-bred gentleman; and that he ſhould be equally capable of ſhining in converſation and in writing.

The *Provoſt* being obliged to leave us, as it was his lecture hour, and the morning being remarkably fine, we agreed to take a walk to the *Proprietor*'s garden, as 'tis called, a pleaſant little ſpot upon the bank of the ſweet river *Schuylkill*.

During our walk, the converſation we had begun in the *Publick Hall* was reſumed. Our friend L——— obſerved, that there were many qualifications and accompliſhments, which, tho' not of primary conſideration, were nevertheleſs of infinite ſervice, nay, indiſpenſably neceſſary to ſet off our improvements in knowledge.—Can any thing, for inſtance, ſaid he, be more agreeable and engaging, than a ready, polite, and unaffected method of delivering one's ſentiments both in writing and

and converſation, without that ſtarched, preciſe and pedantic turn of ſtile and manner, which generally characterizes the mere ſcholar? Can any thing have an happier effect, either in a private company, or a publick audience, than an eaſy, free, and unconſtrained geſture, accompanying a diſtinct, graceful, and harmonious manner of ſpeaking? Or what can afford more ſatisfaction to ourſelves, or more entertainment to our friends, than a well cultivated *taſte* for the beauties of art and nature? Now all theſe powers are more or leſs in every human Being; and there is no time of life ſo proper and convenient for the calling them forth, as thoſe early years, which are generally ſpent at ſchool. 'Tis by *imitation* and *emulation* alone, that theſe latent ſeeds of genius are to be awakened and

improved; and 'tis well known, that a fondneſs of theſe is one of the prevailing paſſions of youth.

Had man been intended for a ſolitary Being, then indeed theſe qualifications could have been of little uſe to him: But as his nature points him out for ſociety, his duty, as well as intereſt, ought to lead him to ſuch an exertion of his talents, as will render him uſeful and agreeable to all around.—A mere ſcholar is ſcarcely tolerable; and I never ſhall forget the ridiculous appearance, which one of our moſt learned Doctors of *Maudlin* always made in a circle of polite company, and even among us his pupils in the lecture-room. I cannot but think it a misfortune to himſelf, to his friends and the public, that

that a man of Dr. T———'s ſuperior knowledge and abilities, for want of a few neceſſary external graces, which he might have acquired twenty years ago with the greateſt eaſe and pleaſure, ſhould be doomed to ſpend his days in obſcurity, cloſetted up with a parcel of muſty authors, and incapable of making that figure in ſocial life and polite converſation, which his diſtinguiſhed talents would otherwiſe have enabled him to do. At preſent he can neither do juſtice to his own abilities, nor render them of any great ſervice to others.

Here the good clergyman replied, with a mildneſs peculiar to his character, that the fate of Dr. T——— might not attend every one, who had miſſed the opportunity of obtaining theſe accompliſhments in his younger years at

a publick ſchool.—Some, he obſerved, were furniſhed with them by the bounty of nature; and others very readily acquired them by falling into polite company, after they had finiſhed their ſtudies.

True, Sir, anſwered our friend— I am acquainted with ſeveral ingenious gentlemen, who are ſolely indebted to nature or the beau-monde for many amiable external qualifications, which they poſſeſs. I grant that a youth of nice obſervation, mature judgment and a ſprightly natural diſpoſition, may improve his taſte, correct his manners, and fit himſelf to adorn the ſocial life, by frequently converſing with ſuch perſons, as have added to an extenſive erudition the moſt refined taſte, and all the graces of carriage and behaviour.

our. But then, experience muſt have informed us, that there are few who do not think themſelves ſufficiently accompliſhed, after they have gone through their courſe of ſtudies at a public ſchool; and conſequently look upon it as beneath them, when they come abroad into the world, to copy after the taſte, behaviour or converſation of other men: To which I might add, that the circumſtances of ſome ſcholars will not allow them an opportunity of keeping ſuch company, as would contribute to their improvement in theſe things. And hence it becomes a matter of the utmoſt importance, that the maſters and tutors of our public ſeminaries ſhould not only be men of ſound learning, but polite, well bred, and of the moſt eaſy, gentle and engaging deportment.

Beſides

Beſides, continued Mr. L———, there are ſome of the qualifications that have been mentioned, which are neither to be obtained from converſation with the polite world, nor yet are given entirely to any one by the indulgence of nature.

To inſtance only one of theſe: Whence comes it, that we have ſo few eminent ſpeakers either in the pulpit or at the bar? Were the amiable graces of ſpeech ſolely in the gift of nature, or were they to be acquired by frequenting the genteeleſt company and converſing with the politeſt part of mankind, I can ſcarcely imagine that the number of orators would be ſo ſmall, or that thoſe whom nature hath bleſſed, perhaps, with many other graces and accompliſhments, and whoſe ſtations

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in life always entitle them to aſſociate with the higheſt and beſt of men, ſhould be ſo generally deficient in the art of *ſpeaking well.* For my part, I can attribute this to no other cauſe than the too common neglect of this neceſſary branch of education at moſt of our public ſchools. And hence it is, that a late ingenious and polite writer complains, " that the moſt eſtabliſhed error of an univerſity education is the general neglect of all thoſe little qualifications and accompliſhments, which make up the character of a well-bred man, and the general attention to what is called deep learning."*

After having expreſſed my approbation of theſe ſentiments in general, I only begged leave to obſerve, that though

* The Guardian.

though the ſeeds or principles of knowledge, taſte and every graceful accompliſhment were undoubtedly implanted in every human breaſt, yet nature had ſtrongly pointed out ſome predominant powers in each individual, ſufficiently characteriſtic of that particular excellence, by which, if properly attended to and improved, each might become uſeful and illuſtrious in his own proper ſphere.—To watch theſe dawning powers, to take the moſt proper method of ſtrengthening and improving them, and to direct the youthful mind to ſuch ſtudies, and employments in life, as appear beſt adapted to its peculiar genius, muſt ſurely be the principal objects of the tutor's attention. The orator, the poet, the philoſopher, the patriot, the ſoldier, generally appear at an earlier ſeaſon of life than is commonly imagined.

And

And from an inattention to, or improper treatment of, these buds of excellence, many have withered away without producing fruits or blossoms.

After taking a few turns in the garden, we walked back again to the *College*, where we had appointed to meet the modest and ingenious Mr. RITTENHOUSE, who, without one single advantage from a private tutor, or public education, by the mere force of genius and industry, may now justly be reckoned the FIRST ASTRONOMER and MATHEMATICIAN in the world. He entertained us most agreeably with a little lecture upon his new invented *Orrery*, of which your Lordship will find a particular description in the volume of *American Philosophical Transactions*.

I am much obliged to your Lordſhip for your valuable preſent of the *Microſcope* and *Thermometer*. The new improvements which I find in the conſtruction of the *Microſcope*, render it more portable as well as more convenient for the application of a greater variety of objects.

My moſt reſpectful compliments wait upon Lady CAROLINE, and Miſs S——. I am glad to hear that the *Bath* waters have been ſo ſerviceable to her Ladyſhip.—Mr. L——— ſpends a few days more in this city and then ſets out for *New-York*, from whence CHARLES has promiſed to conduct him to the place of his intended reſidence.

I am, my Lord, Your Lordſhip's
Moſt obedient and devoted ſervant,
T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA, *March 30th*, 1772.

LETTER X.

To CHARLES MARSEILLES, Esq. *at* NEW-YORK.

DEAR CHARLES,

WHY will you ſeek to draw me into a religious diſpute?—I have often told you, that I looked upon polemics in divinity to be unprofitable, and much more injurious to the chriſtian temper, than in any of the other ſciences. 'Tis not the cauſe of truth and goodneſs eſſentially and ſimply conſidered; but it is merely their own private opinion, or that of ſome great Doctor, or leader of a ſect, that men in general

general are zealous to maintain. The reformation of the heart and life is the great and only end of true religion: and I cannot think this end will ever be promoted by ſuch controverſies as have a tendency to kindle up wrath, or produce bitterneſs of ſpirit; however the advocates on either ſide may flatter themſelves, that they are zealous for the honour of God, and ardently deſirous of reſcuing their friends or neighbours from the dominion of error.

When I was laſt at *New-York*, I was really ſurfeited with the converſation of one of your *Methodiſt Saints*. Such an air of arrogance and ſelf-ſufficiency appeared even in his vehement declamations againſt the pride and ſelf-righteouſneſs of human nature, that I was aſtoniſhed to ſee a perſon of your uſual penetration

netration ſo duped by an enthuſiaſtical pretender, as not to diſcover the workings of an evil temper under the flimſy, flaunting veil of a falſe and hypocritical zeal. My heart deceives me greatly, if I have not an high veneration, and ſincere love for all good men, however they differ from one another or myſelf. The marks of goodneſs, indeed, I have always looked for in the temper and conduct: and where theſe fail, the author of my religion hath taught me to pronounce all other pretences vain and deluſive.

I was once acquainted with a foreign clergyman, who was perfectly maſter of all the canting peculiarities, which diſtinguiſh the brethren of the conventicle. I thought him at firſt much in earneſt, and eſteemed him as an honeſt man

man, though his notions were very different from mine. But he ſoon forfeited my friendſhip by a conduct, which common honeſty muſt teach every man to deteſt—Talking upon indifferent ſubjects in a mixed company, he would appear as chearful and ſprightly as any in the circle; nay, I have frequently obſerved him, under an affectation of mirth and humor, ſtoop to puerilities. —In the midſt of ſuch a converſation, was any one in company to drop a religious hint, or make a ſingle grave remark, or did any of his very *ſerious* friends enter the room, every muſcle of his countenance would change its form, an awful gloom would cover his brow, his eyes and hands would be elevated, his tone of voice would become ſolemn and plaintive, his lips would utter ſome pious reflection or ejaculation, and he would

would attempt in a very aukward manner to give a ſerious turn to the converſation. I ſoon grew ſick of all this grimace, gradually withdrew from his acquaintance, and was afterwards informed by ſeveral who had been as much deceived as myſelf, that his temper and conduct was utterly inconſiſtent with his formal profeſſion.

In this and two or three other inſtances I bought my experience at no ſmall price. The uneaſineſs of mind which I always ſuffer on the detection of fraud or inſincerity in a pretended friend, is far heavier to me than any temporal loſs I might thereby ſuſtain.

You ſeem to intimate in your laſt Letter, that I ſhould ſoon become as religious as you wiſh me to be, could

I diſengage myſelf from the polite circle with which I am connected in *England* as well as in *America*; and that nothing but the apprehenſion of being cenſured for *ſingularity* keeps me from living in ſuch a manner, and converſing with ſuch a ſet of people, as you think would highly contribute to my ſpiritual improvement.

True politeneſs, CHARLES, is the genuine offspring of true religion—A ſullen ſeverity of manners is no where inculcated in the goſpel.—Meekneſs, humility and condeſcenſion are there marked out as fundamental graces—And where theſe reign in the heart, they will ſurely dictate ſuch a ſweet and amiable conduct, as is only mimicked by the common forms of what is called *good-breeding*. I find as great want of this

this true politeneſs among the rich as among the poor. *Wealth* gives it not—neither does *poverty* withold it. Like its illuſtrious parent, it is confined to no religion, ſect or denomination—Sir J——n has it not—but I find it in Lord P——. My poor ſervant has no pretenſions to it—He is as rude as a ſavage—Your's has it fully according to his ſtation—He is as mild and gentle and affectionate as a lamb—We ſeek for it in vain in the meer bows and compliments of a church-man—We are ſurpriſed ſometimes to find it in the ſimplicity of a quaker.

When you ſpeak of the *polite* circle of friends or acquaintance, with which I am connected, I am ſure you cannot affix the ſame meaning to the word *politeneſs*, that I have here given it, or you

you would not wiſh to ſee me diſengaged from them. Your expreſſions, therefore, muſt allude to thoſe among them, who are diſtinguiſhed either for their opulence or their titles and exalted ſtations in life. But why, my dear friend, ſhould I break off all connections with theſe? my acquaintance with many of them began in my earlieſt years. Though of foreign extraction, you know I had my univerſity-education in *England*. Connections formed during the earlier periods of life, both of us have experienced to be ſtrong and tender.—The friendſhip and kind offices of ſome of this polite circle we have both been favoured with. There are many truly amiable characters among them; and though ſome of them may appear to have ſhaken off the reſtraints of religi-

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on in their *outward* conduct; yet chriſtian charity leads me to hope, that they are not altogether deſtitute of good principles *within*. Of what ſervice would it be to me to keep at a diſtance from them, to ſhun their company, or ſlight their correſpondence?—It would ſurely hurt the fineſt feelings of my ſpiritual life—It would hurt my gratitude, my affection, my charity——It would hurt my humility, my meekneſs, and love of peace——It would raiſe paſſions in me that I would fain have extinguiſhed—It would tempt me to think myſelf their ſuperior in virtue and goodneſs——It would tempt me to indulge a cenſorious diſpoſition, and to treat them with a mortifying coldneſs and indifference——It would mingle bitterneſs with the ſweets that heaven hath freely

freely ſent me——and thus render me, ungrateful to my God as well as to them. Beſides, it would undoubtedly give them a very unfavourable opinion of my religious principles, when they diſcovered that they had ſuch an evil influence on my conduct—when they found me no longer as kind and affectionate, as willing to oblige, and as attentive to their perſons and their intereſts, as I had heretofore been.

My American friends are among the moſt ingenious and virtuous men I have ever met with. You were introduced to many of them during your late viſit to this place. You admired them—and obſerved, that they only wanted one ingredient to make their character compleat. I knew your meaning at once: and I think I ſhall very eaſily obviate

viate your objection, when I come to give you my ſentiments upon what you call *ſingularity*, the charge of which you ſeem to think I am ſadly afraid of. This I ſhall not fail of doing in a future letter.

Our ingenious and worthy friend Mr. H—pk—nſ—n, has lately received a little *douceur* from Lord N——th, which will add ſomewhat to his comfortable ſituation here. To this obliging gentleman, I am indebted for my introduction to many valuable acquaintances. He has likewiſe furniſhed me with ſeveral pretty ſpecimens of American compoſition as well in poetry as in proſe. One or two of theſe, which I have ſince diſcovered to be his own, I have already communicated to Lord P——.

Dr.

Dr. M——n embarked for *Jamaica* a week or two ago. His errand there is to ſollicit contributions for the *College* in this city. Every friend to literature, who is acquainted with the broad and catholic bottom upon which this inſtitution is founded, cannot but wiſh him the higheſt ſucceſs.

Pray ſend me, by the next private conveyance, "SMITH's *Hiſtory of New-York.*" I am collecting every thing that relates to the hiſtory of the colonies, for the entertainment of Lord H——. Write to me ſoon; and condeſcend to fill one corner of your paper with a few *temporal* matters.

I am,

Your moſt conſtant friend and ſervant,

T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA. *April* 2, 1772.

LETTER XI.

To CHARLES MARSEILLES, Esq.
at NEW-YORK.

DEAR CHARLES,

I PROMISED in my laſt to give you my ſentiments upon *ſingularity*. The expreſſion is ambiguous. It ſerves to denote a good as well as a bad character. The hypocrite glories in it—The humble man alone poſſeſſes it without offence to himſelf or his neighbour.

Some people are ſo weak as to imagine, that the religious character muſt

neceſſarily be accompanied with, and diſtinguiſhed from all others by, a formal, preciſe and reſerved deportment, an auſterity in the countenance and actions, a cautious avoiding of all intercourſe or civil communication with thoſe, who do not, in their whole outward behaviour, conform to a certain ſtandard, which anſwers to their idea of a religious man.

Others again place this ſingularity in a perpetual talking upon religious ſubjects—Their whole converſation, be they where they will, conſiſts of nothing but common-place maxims, ſcriptural quotations, and ſeemingly pious remarks upon every occurrence that they meet with in the courſe of the day —or what is ſtill worſe, of vain and uſeleſs

leſs diſputes about modes of faith, doctrine or worſhip.

Alas! my dear Charles! all this may very properly be called the pedantry of religion, and, like that of human learning, is a ſure proof, that their knowledge and experience are extremely ſuperficial. Many of theſe *ſolemn triflers* do we daily meet with; who value themſelves upon this affected ſingularity, and think they ſhew a vaſt deal of religious heroiſm, by talking in a ſtrain, which they know to be exceedingly mortifying to the generality of their neighbours.—But ſuch perſons as theſe would do well to take our Lord's advice, and ſeriouſly conſider, *what manner of ſpirit they are of*——They would do well to examine their own hearts, and try, whether they cannot diſcover a ſecret ſpring of ſpiritual pride, which ſets

their tongues in motion; and whether a word or two dropt in ſeaſon, ſeemingly without deſign, and in a ſpirit of meekneſs, humility and condeſcenſion to their brethren, would not have a much ſurer and better effect, than all their vain and empty bablings.

Far be it from me, my friend, to diſcourage a truly religious converſation. But there is a meekneſs of wiſdom, as the Scripture beautifully expreſſes it, that will modeſtly avail itſelf of every favourable opportunity, and with a becoming zeal exert itſelf in the cauſe of truth.—They who beſt know themſelves are certainly beſt acquainted with human nature. Such perſons will ever be careful, in their converſation and deportment, to be *wiſe as ſerpents, and harmleſs as doves, to become all things to all*

all men, that is, to ſtudy the various prejudices and infirmities of men, and form their diſcourſe and conduct in ſuch a manner, as will not have any tendency to diſguſt or affront them, but on the other hand, by forbearance and gentleneſs, will win their hearts, and thus command their attention.

The only ſingularity, therefore, which is juſtifiable, is that which conſiſts, not in words, or even in particular actions, but in ſuch a general uniform tenor of heart and temper and conduct, as will not indeed, like the phariſaical formalities, be ſo eaſily diſcerned by every vulgar eye, but will never fail of making its way at laſt through every obſtacle and impediment, which the adverſaries of truth and virtue may throw up againſt it.

Some characters are doubtleſs to be met with, whoſe ſingularity does not ſo much conſiſt, in *not following the multitude* at all, as in *not following them to do evil*, whoſe life is an amiable tranſcript of their Redeemer's—who, like him, *go about doing good*,—*who ſhine forth as lights in the midſt of a dark and perverſe generation*, and whoſe influence is known and felt by a ſure, though ſilent and gentle operation.—

Such characters are worthy of imitation—They are ſtamped with the image of the deity—They bear the ſignature of unfeigned truth and pure diſintereſted goodneſs—They are known and only to be known by their bleſſed fruits. Whereever they go—whatever they do in public or in private—among their neighbours, friends and acquaintance,

acquaintance, or in their own little family circle—their ſingularity is conſpicuous in no other way, than in the ſweetneſs of their temper—the meekneſs of their deportment—the unaffected decency of their converſation—their readineſs to oblige—their frequent ſacrifice of private eaſe or intereſt to the comfort and convenience of their brethren; but above all, their chearful, eaſy and affectionate methods of communicating what they know to be uſeful and neceſſary in temporal as well as ſpiritual concerns, to all ſuch as are humble enough to apply for, and ingenuous enough to receive and profit by their inſtructions.

No ſour and forbidding ſeverity ſits upon their brow—Their houſes, their hands and their hearts are open to all

that

that ſtand in need of their aſſiſtance. In a word, the lovelineſs of true religion appears in their whole conduct,—and even thoſe, who will not imitate, dare not condemn them.

If I underſtand any thing of the Chriſtian ſyſtem, this is the life which it recommends. Would but its Profeſſors act up to its dictates, live like their maſter, and dare to be ſingular in being and doing good—would they but apply to the exhauſtleſs ſource of goodneſs, for thoſe bleſſed influences of his ſpirit, whereby alone their evil tempers and paſſions can be eradicated, and an heavenly life, with all its diſpoſitions and graces, opened in their hearts—Deiſts would be confounded—Hypocrites would tremble—And bad men of all ſorts be more effectually alarmed, than

than by all the thundering eloquence of the moſt zealous preachers in the world.

I truſt, my good friend, that my notion of religious ſingularity will be found to correſpond with your own; and that we differ more about *words* than about *things*.

I am dear Charles,
Your very ſincere Friend and Servant,

T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,
July 10, 1772.

LETTER XII.

To the HONOURABLE J. H. T. ESQ. *of* BOSTON.

SIR,

THE account you ſent me of the popular tumults, that have for ſome time ſubſiſted in your government, differs in no material circumſtances from that which I have read in the public papers. I am glad to hear that you have had fortitude enough to keep yourſelf diſengaged from either party. A coalition is ſeldom brought about, without the intervention of ſuch friends to virtue and public peace, as can content themſelves to retire during the heat

heat of faction, watch the motions of their acquaintance or connections on both ſides, and ſeize upon ſome happy moment, ſome favourable circumſtance for the accompliſhment of their benevolent purpoſe.

You ſeem, however, to lean a little to the ſide of prerogative, and give ſome hints, that ſound like the language of a *Jure Divino* politician; and after all, very gravely aſk me, what are my ideas of *Kingly Power*, and a *Patriot King?* You talk of ſcriptural notions of government, and wonder what objections can be made to that kind of homage and obedience, which is thereby not only warranted, but enjoined to be paid to Kings and all thoſe that are inveſted with ſupreme authority.

My

My anſwer to your queſtion need not be long.—We are to conſider, that the Jewiſh government was a Theocracy, that all its laws, inſtitutions and ordinances were ſent down immediately from Heaven; and thoſe who were inveſted with the ſupreme executive power on earth, derived their authority from no other ſource than the MOST HIGH GOD. They were delegates of Heaven, choſen Repreſentatives of the King of Kings, exerciſing his ſupreme authority upon earth, ſupported by his paternal protection, and accountable for their actions to none but him. Their conduct was not to be ſcrutinized by the people; and to lift up the hand againſt the Lord's anointed was Sacrilege of the blackeſt nature, and to be puniſhed with inſtant death. But ſurely all thoſe who are inveſted with Kingly authority

are

are not in the ſame circumſtances, nor do they derive their power *immediately* from the ſame ſource with the Jewiſh Monarchs: and conſequently the people under them are not bound by the particular political precepts of the Theocracy, but by the Laws of that particular government under which they live; and the nature of their homage to their Prince can alone be determined by thoſe laws.

Indeed, in every civilized nation, however differing in their forms or conſtitutions of government, nay even among thoſe where the royal prerogative is reſtricted and limited by national laws, and the people are preſumed and acknowledged to be the ſource of power, yet the Sovereign may ſtill be conſidered in ſome reſpect, as the Miniſter

of Heaven, and the Vice-gerent of God, as being by his Providence advanced to that exalted ſtation. My idea of a Patriot King, therefore, founded on theſe ſentiments of Kingly power, will be expreſſed in a few words.

The grand deſign of all human governments, in whatever form they are modelled and eſtabliſhed, is the happineſs of the people; and the end of ſupreme authority, however and in whomſoever it is inveſted, is to promote this happineſs, by the puniſhment of evil doers, and the reward or protection of thoſe that do well. It is highly incumbent therefore, upon all thoſe, whom Providence hath advanced to this exalted ſtation, to be as bold in the puniſhment of vice, as in the encouragement and ſupport of virtue.

Oppreſſion

Oppreſſion will appear in many ſhapes, and want will extend her naked arms for comfort and redreſs. The indigent and fatherleſs will be ſuitors for their protection, and thoſe who have no other friends on earth, will reſort to them as the Proxies or Repreſentatives of Heaven.

To deal out Juſtice with an unſparing and impartial hand, to regard not the quality of the offender, but the nature of the offence, to adminiſter comfort and relief to the poor and helpleſs, and protect the hard earnings of honeſt induſtry from the hands of rapine and oppreſſion; to pull down corruption from the ſeat of honour, and to call forth modeſt merit and probity undiſguiſed to fill its place; but above all to be themſelves the bright examples

as well as patrons of every virtue, and to ſupport the true ſpirit and dignity of government without ſeeming to govern; theſe are ſome of the moſt important duties of the Kingly office; theſe will attract and command the eſteem, veneration, and obedience of their ſubjects more effectually than all the ſplendid regalia that ſurround their throne. Nay 'tis by the application of their power to ſuch purpoſes as theſe, that they reſemble the divinity, and co operate with Providence in his grand ſcheme of univerſal benevolence.

Happy that ſovereign, who by deeds of true patriotiſm, and the exerciſe of every public as well as private virtue, eſtabliſhes his throne in the hearts of his ſubjects, whoſe ſtrength is their proſperity, whoſe will their united voice,

who

who ſtudies to ſatisfy the real, not the imaginary wants of his people, and who can readily diſtinguiſh betwixt the clamour of licentiouſneſs, and the ſtill and affectionate voice of loyal liberty.

Happy that people whom Providence hath favoured with a Monarch poſſeſſed of ſuch amiable qualifications. And thrice happy, my good friend, ſhould we conſider ourſelves, who live under a mild and well tempered government, in which the limits of power are ſo accurately adjuſted, that the ſovereign is inveſted with every neceſſary prerogative, and the juſt rights of the people well defined and well ſupported. O may the glorious ſpirit which it breathes, never be perverted into licentiouſneſs, but handed down to the lateſt poſterity uncorrupted and

unſhaken by the ignorance or craft of weak or wicked men.

I heartily wiſh you the return of domeſtic peace, unanimity in all your councils, and proſperity of every kind to the colony in which you reſide, and am, Sir,

Your very ſincere friend and ſervant,

T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA, *June* 6, 1772.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE *the* LORD VISCOUNT P——, QUEEN-STREET, WESTMINSTER.

MY LORD,

THAT I may not be thought unmindful of my promiſe, or inattentive to any thing that can contribute to your entertainment, I here tranſcribe three pieces of American poetry from manuſcripts, which were very obligingly communicated to me by the authors, who are by no means anxious for poetical fame, but now and then, as they expreſs it, ſcribble a few lines for the amuſement of themſelves and their

their friends. The firſt is an epiſode extracted from a poem called *The Indian Treaty*, which is not yet finiſhed. The epiſode is natural, tender, and expreſſed, as I think the ſubject requires, in common, though not vulgar language. This is a diſtinction, which muſt ever be obſerved in compoſitions of the *pathetic* kind. The *ſublime* addreſſes itſelf to feelings of a different nature, which can only be rouſed by a ſuperior ſtrength of imagination, aided by a ſtile that ſoars far above that of the vulgar. The author of the epiſode has attended to this diſtinction. He has told his tale with tenderneſs and ſimplicity.

The ſecond ſpecimen of poetry is of the elegiac kind.— I have heard that Lord Cheſterfield ſhould have ſaid of Mr.

Mr. Hammond, the author of the elegies, that "he always ſat down to write what he thought, not as moſt authors do, to think what he ſhould write"—I leave it to your Lordſhip to judge, whether the author of the elegy has any title to ſuch a compliment as this.

The third ſpecimen is of the burleſque kind; and as the ſubject is new, and handled in the true mock-heroic ſtrain, I am perſuaded, it will at leaſt divert your Lordſhip for a few moments.

EPISODE

From the INDIAN TREATY, A *POEM.*

ROSETTA, faireſt maid that grac'd the plains,
Of all the village long remain'd the boaſt;
Struck with her lovely form contending ſwains
Were daily ſtriving who ſhould pleaſe her moſt.

But

But happy DORIS, *with his gentle mein,*
Had won her heart——the ſoft relenting fair
Oft met her faithful ſhepherd on the green,
And DORIS *breath'd his tender paſſion there.*

One eve ROSETTA *from the cottage ſtray'd,*
To ſeek a wand'ring lambkin of her fold;
A ſavage troop ſurpriz'd th' unwary maid——
She ſhriek'd— too feeble to reſiſt their hold.

Full of fond hopes as DORIS *paſſing by*
Purſued his way contemplative and ſlow,
Amaz'd he heard his fair-one's ſudden cry,
And fearleſs, ruſh'd upon the num'rous foe.

Long did the youth th' unequal fight maintain,
But what, alas, could ſtrength or ſkill avail!
Ev'n Philip's god-like ſon had ſtrove in vain—
Superior force and numbers will prevail.

The captive lovers lock'd in cloſe embrace
With ſilent tears their mutual griefs expreſs;
The tawny victors haſte to leave the place
Unmov'd, unpitying of their ſad diſtreſs.

Two parties form'd; one takes the weeping fair,
The other DORIS *for their eaſy prize:*

A ſilent gloom ſhuts in his dark deſpair,
The woods re-echo to her mournful cries.

Six times the moon her fulleſt orb had ſhewn,
Since ſad ROSETTA *with inceſſant grief*
Had mourn'd her liberty and lover gone,
Without one chearing proſpect of relief.

Forc'd from her home o'er rocks and wilds to ſtray,
Where ſerpents lurk and briars conceal'd do (grow,
Her tender feet, torn by the rugged way,
Mark with her blood the progreſs of her woe!

Oft time, when ſhivering in th' inclement air,
On the damp ground ſhe ſought for loſt repoſe,
Her mother's fondneſs and her father's care,
And DORIS' *love to ſad remembrance roſe.*

At length the chiefs a ſolemn feaſt prepare,
And gather numerous from the nations round;
Each brings his warrior ſpoils and captives there,
And yells of triumph through the foreſts ſound.

An horrid tragedy muſt now ſucceed—
My ſwelling heart beats quick within my breaſt,
How ſhall the ſympathiſing muſe proceed
To dip her pen in blood and paint the reſt.

Six

Six tawny heroes in their battles ſlain
Sully the luſtre of their feſtive day;
Six Engliſh captives with ſlow-torturing pain,
Muſt yield their lives the fatal debt to pay.

Whilſt ſunk in ſorrow on a turf reclin'd,
ROSETTA *lay, all wan with waſting grief;*
Her lot ſevere, ſhe ponder'd in her mind,
And look'd from death alone to find relief.

Sudden ſhe ſtarts—rous'd by a dreadful cry,
The well-known voice of DORIS *ſtrikes her ear;*
Half-rais'd ſhe darts around her anxious eye,
To ſee if much-lov'd DORIS *was not near.*

Faſt to a tree, with all the marks impreſt
Of ſavage rage, ſhe ſees her ſhepherd bound,
A mortal arrow planted in his breaſt,
And his life bubbling from the recent wound.

Struck with an inſtant frenzy of deſpair,
Thro' all her frame ſhe feels the chill of death--
Swift to her dying love ſhe flies—and there
Sinks at his feet, and ſighs her lateſt breath.

ELEGY

ELEGY,

WRITTEN AT SEA, *Auguſt*, 1762.

"*HEAV'N gave the word*"—DELIA!
once more farewel!
Ah me! how fleeting all our joys are found!
The pangs I feel thy tender heart can tell,
For pangs like mine that tender heart muſt
wound.

Snatch'd from thy arms, to diſtant lands I roam
And face the horrors of the howling ſea,
Far from my long-lov'd friends and native home,
And far, my DELIA! *ah! too far from thee.*

No more thy pleaſing converſe chears my ſoul,
And ſmooths my paſſage thro' life's rugged way;
Thy ſmiles no more my wonted cares controul,
And give new glories to the golden day.

No more with thee I hail th' approach of dawn,
And hand in hand the varied landſcape rove,
Where foſtering gales inveſt the dew-bright lawn,
Unlock the garden's ſweets, or fan the grove.

With notes accordant to thy ſkillful tongue,
No more I ſeek my doric reed to tune;
No more the tender melody prolong,
And chide the envious hours that fleet too ſoon.

When ſinks in ocean's bed the ſource of light,
And darkneſs drear his raven pinion ſpreads,
Chearleſs and lone I paſs the lingering night,
With thoughts congenial to its deepeſt ſhades:

Unleſs, perchance, my weary watchful eyes
Sleep's balmy charm no longer can refuſe,
Then ſwift to thee my ſoul unfetter'd flies,
And each paſt ſcene of tenderneſs renews.

With all that winning grace I ſee thee move,
That firſt endear'd thy yielding heart to mine,
When, ſoften'd by the flame of virtuous love,
I led thee bluſhing to the hallow'd ſhrine.

I ſee thee too, thou partner of my heart,
With all a mother's tender feelings bleſt,
The frequent glance, the kiſs, the tear impart,
And preſs the ſmiling infant to thy breaſt.

Eager I haſte a parent's joy to ſhare—
My boſom bounds with raptures felt before:

But

But ſwift the ſoothing viſion ſinks in air,
Winds howl around and reſtleſs billows roar.

Ev'n now, whilſt prompted by the pleaſing paſt,
In artleſs numbers flows this penſive lay,
The tott'ring veſſel quivers with the blaſt,
And angry clouds obſcure the chearful day.

Yet why repine!—my anxious breaſt, be ſtill!
No human bliſs is free from foul alloy;
But what at preſent bears the face of ill,
May end in ſmiling peace and laſting joy.

Soon may that Power Supreme, whoſe dread command
Can ſtill the tumults of the raging main,
Thro' paths of danger with unerring hand,
Guide me to thee and happineſs again.

In him, my DELIA, *then thy truſt repoſe:*
'Tis he alone the joyleſs boſom chears;
He ſooths, when abſent, all our heart-felt woes,
At home our ſoft domeſtic ſcene endears.

DIRTILLA,

A POEM.

THOU Goddeſs ſable-clad, DIRTILLA, *hail!*
Thee I invoke to aid my daring muſe,
To riſe with ſooty wing and ſing thy praiſe
Ne'er yet attempted by advent'rous bard:
Thee I invoke——whether thou lov'ſt to ſhew
Thy marbled viſage in the troubled pool,
Or ſpread thy bounty o'er the ſmutty face
Of chimney-ſweeping elf; or o'er the plain,
Rolling in clouds, by ſummer breezes born,
Salute the traveller in ſhape of duſt;
Whether in furnace or in noiſy forge
With fiend-like colliers thou vouchſaf'ſt to dwell
And fix with Vulcan thy co-equal reign,
Or ſoft recline upon a ſcullion's lap,
Or on the ſchool-boy's jacket ſmile ſerene.

Rebellious beaux and waſhing-women ſtrive,
But ſtrive in vain, with never-ending war
To over-come thy power——ſtill thou return'ſt,

And

And ſtill they labour on with fruitleſs toil,
Sworn foes to thee, thou ſober-viſag'd dame!
Not ſo thy bard——full well he knows to gain,
And, having gain'd, thy favour ſtill to keep.
Ev'n now, wide-ſpreading o'er my honour'd coat,
Full many a ſpot, full many a greaſy ſmear
Thy influence benign and power declare;
Driving far thence of new-impreſſed cloth
The gaudy glare—ne'er to return again.

Oh mortals! blind to truth, whoſe anxious hearts
Impatient wait, 'till from the taylor's hand
The ſumptuous garb, long-look'd for, comes compleat.
Succeſs no ſooner crowns their wearied hope,
But new diſtractions fill their troubled mind
And cloud their joy; leſt in ſome guardleſs hour
One dreaded ſpot ſhould ſully all their pride.

See, at the feſtive board in new brocade
And lawn, as yet unſtain'd, SOPHRONIA *ſits.*
In vain rich wines of various climes and hue,
In order rang'd, the glittering ſide-board grace,
And pleaſant viands ſmoke in vain around:
Nor theſe, nor yet th' exhilarating ſong,

Or needle point of ſtimulating wit
Provoke to joy her ever-anxious heart.
Should the rude ſervant with unhallowed foot,
And over-flowing glaſs, approach too near
The magic circle of her ſpreading robe,
Her eager hands collect the darling ſilk
In cloſer folds; and in her ſparkling eye
New lightnings kindle at the bold aſſault.

Thus have I ſeen within ſome farmer's yard,
Whilſt buſy Partlet *for her chirping brood*
The dung-hill ſcratch'd, to them a mine of wealth;
Should fierce Grimalkin *from beneath the mow,*
Or neighbouring barn, creep ſly with deadly paw,
Alarm'd ſhe gathers all her little train
Beneath her ſhelt'ring wings; ſhe ſwells with rage,
And briſtling feathers awe the daring foe.

Oh Goddeſs moſt benign! beneath thy ſway
I eat and drink with pleaſure unallay'd:
Nor care I aught, if from the dripping ſpoon
The falling drop enrich my ſullied garb.
O could I like FILTHANDER *boaſt thy love!*

Thy

Thy favourite votary he, *far, far beyond*
My utmoſt reach, my higheſt hope aſpires.
His honour'd chamber thou vouchſaf ſt to make
Thy choſen ſeat, thy undiſturb'd abode:
Where never broom thy miniſters annoy,
But ſpiders, white with age, their webs extend,
And ſee their num'rous offspring do the ſame.

Methinks I view him ſeated on the floor,
With all his dirty papers ſcatter'd round.
While lengthen'd cobwebs from the ceiling's height
Wave o'er his head in many a pendent row:
Not ſuch as Betty *from the parlour ſweeps*
With nimble hand; but ſuch as oft are found
In dungeons deep, black with the duſt of years.
Methinks I ſee upon his broken hearth
On either ſide an heap of aſhes riſe;
The ſad remains of an whole winter's fire:
Nor would he yield them to the chandler's pence;
For they, O curſed art! by proceſs dire
Would ſoon convert them into cleanſing ſoap.
And here a kettle ſtands, which never felt
The waſting torture of a ſcullion's hand;

Impenetrable

Impenetrable cruſts guard it without,
And ſcale on ſcale, the ſolid ſediment
Of conſtant uſe uncleans'd, line it within.
And there a delphin mug, once rich emboſs'd
With many a winding leaf and opening flower,
Of which no traces now are to be found,
Obliterated all with harden'd grime.

But above all, methinks I ſee his bed,
The throne, O Goddeſs, where thou reign'ſt ſupreme.
The teaſter bends beneath the load of duſt,
Which time hath ſcatter'd with unſparing hand;
And curtains, tawny with inceſſant ſmoke,
Hang graceful round in many a ſmutty fold.
To ſhake the bed, or cleanſe the tottering frame
On which it lies, no hand hath yet preſum'd;
But unmoleſted myriads wanton there.
Thus lives FILTHANDER, *nor can aught avail*
To move his firm allegiance unto thee:
And may'ſt thou, Goddeſs, e'er ſuch votaries find!

Wrapt in prophetic viſion, I behold

The

The times approach, when all thy haughty foes
Humbled in duſt, ſhall own thy general ſway.
For well we know that all things ſprang from dirt;
And beaux *and* belles *and all the ſoapy train*
Of waſhing-women *and of* ſcouring-men
Muſt yield to thee, and into dirt *return.*

By this conveyance I ſend your Lordſhip two volumes of American poetry, written by two young Gentlemen of this city, neither of whom had all the advantages of a liberal education. Mr. GODFREY ſerved an apprenticeſhip to an ingenious and eminent clock-maker in this city; but, diſliking his occupation, ſoon entered into the army. Mr. EVANS's hiſtory you will find in the introduction to his poems. Notwithſtanding the inequality and frequent incorrectneſs both in ſentiment and language, your Lordſhip will diſcover

ſome

ſome marks of true genius in theſe compoſitions—Both the authors died very young. Had they lived, 'tis very probable, theſe juvenile performances would have been conſigned to oblivion, and their places ſupplied by more ſublime and finiſhed productions. We muſt receive them however with candour, as the firſt efforts of an infant muſe, whoſe powers were juſt beginning to unfold, "whoſe beauties," as Mr. Evans ſpeaks in his preface, "were juſt budding into exiſtence, when the iron hand of death cut them ſuddenly off, and left but the *fair promiſes* of future excellencies."

I am, my LORD,
Your LORDSHIP's very ſincere friend
and ſervant,
T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,
July 13, 1772.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To the HONOURABLE J. H. T. ESQ. *of* BOSTON.

SIR,

LOOKING over ſome of my papers the other day, I met with the following character of King GEORGE II, drawn ſoon after his deceaſe, by a friend of mine in England, to whoſe ſentiments in general I am inclined to be ſomewhat partial. It anſwers ſo exactly to the idea I had conceived of an Engliſh patriot King, that I beg leave to tranſcribe it; and deſire you may conſider it as a ſupplement to what I ſaid in my former letter. Whether his late Majeſty was juſtly entituled to the character

character here given, I leave to better politicians to determine.

" To attempt," ſays my friend, " a " *particular* character of our deceaſed " Sovereign, and to trace his virtues " through every part and period of his " glorious reign, is far from my pre- " ſent deſign. It muſt be acknow- " ledged, that the affections of his peo- " ple were the nobleſt teſtimony of his " excellencies, while *living*, and the " tears of a whole nation, the beſt *eu-* " *logy*, that could be given to his me- " mory, when *dead*.

" If to mount the throne of his anceſ- " tors with a determinate purpoſe of " maintaining and advancing its glory; " — if to enter at once into the ſpirit of " the conſtitution, to know the bounds

" it

" it preſcribed to his own prerogative,
" and be acquainted with the juſt rights
" and privileges of a free-born people;
" —if to preſerve thoſe rights and pri-
" vileges inviolate, and in no one in-
" ſtance to ſtretch that prerogative be-
" yond its due limits;—if to make the
" laws of the land the conſtant rule of
" his actions, and conform himſelf as
" much as poſſible to the genius and
" temper of his people;—if to rule with
" a ſcepter of mercy, and cruſh even
" the inſolence of the rebellion by God-
" like deeds of lenity and compaſſion;
" —if to ſpare the blood and treaſure
" of the nation, by never involving it
" in unneceſſary and expenſive wars,
" but, on the other hand, to increaſe
" its wealth, to promote its ſtrength
" and advance its reputation, by all
" the arts of peace and induſtry, by

" encouraging its manufactures, and
" extending its trade and commerce;
" —if to build his own ſtrength on the
" proſperity of the State, and fix his
" Throne in his ſubjects hearts; to em-
" ploy all the methods of Royal con-
" deſcenſion and benevolence in order
" to engage and preſerve their affec-
" tions;——in a word, if in *private*
" *life* to maintain the character of ri-
" gid and unſhaken honeſty in all his
" dealings, and chearfully to perform
" all the offices of common humanity,
" friendſhip and every ſocial virtue;—
" if deeds like theſe can attract the eſ-
" teem and gratitude of a people,
" ſurely our deceaſed Monarch muſt
" ſtill ſurvive in the breaſt of every ho-
" neſt Briton.

" Amid the ſhouts of ſucceſſive vic-
" tories, and the repeated triumphs of
" the

" the Britiſh arms, the good old KING
" was called to his long home. We
" are told in the public accounts of his
" death, that, juſt before the fatal mo-
" ment, he had opened the window of
" his apartment, in order to ſee, whe-
" ther the wind was favourable for the
" arrival of diſpatches from his Proteſ-
" tant allies, anxious as he appeared
" to be to hear of their fate. This
" was, however, denied him. Thou
" haſt had enough of conqueſt, ſaid
" the Meſſenger of Death. Thou haſt
" beheld the pride of thine enemies
" humbled, though their power is not
" yet cruſhed. Thou haſt lived to a
" good old age, happy in the love and
" veneration of thy people. To put
" an end to this bloody and expenſive
" war is not ordained for thee, but is
" reſerved by Providence for thine il-

" luſtrious Succeſſor. Thou muſt in-
" ſtantly reſign thy imperial Crown and
" triumphant Laurels, and haſten to a
" Kingdom, whoſe Crown is incor-
" ruptible, and whoſe laurels are un-
" fading and immortal, even to that
" Kingdom, over which thy REDEEM-
" ER, the PRINCE of PEACE preſides,
" who hath prepared for thee a Palace
" *not made with hands, eternal in the*
" *Heavens.*"

The character you muſt allow to be excellent, whatever you may think of the juſtneſs of the application.

I am, Sir,
Your very ſincere friend and ſervant,
T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,
Auguſt 3, 1772.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To CHARLES MARSEILLES, Esq.
at NEW-YORK.

DEAR CHARLES,

YOU ſeem to hint in your laſt, that a ſpirit of reſentment is in ſome caſes not only allowable, but even praiſe-worthy; and eſpecially, where the cauſe of true Religion is attacked, or a virtuous character vilified and inſulted. I muſt differ from my friend in this, as I have ventured to do in ſome other of his opinions. And as an apology for this difference, I muſt beg his patience, whilſt I draw the character of a truly *meek* man, which I will en-

deavour to copy from the *Goſpel Original*. I will briefly conſider his temper and conduct with reſpect to himſelf, his family and his neighbours.

With reſpect to *himſelf*, he well knows, that his ſpirit is united to an earthly nature of ſuch groſs and inflammable ſubſtance as is ready to kindle from the ſmalleſt ſpark, and, if not carefully watched, would ſoon involve the whole man in an unquenchable flame. He finds it his duty, therefore, to be perpetually upon his guard, that he may ſmother at once every riſing ſpark, and thus preſerve that coolneſs and compoſure, which are ſome of the moſt eſſential ingredients of his happineſs.— From whatever quarter theſe ſparks may fly, whether from ſickneſs or affliction, from worldly loſſes and diſappointments,

diſappointments or perſonal injuries and affronts, his peace is equally endangered.—All murmuring, peeviſhneſs and fretfulneſs under the former; and all wrath, bitterneſs and reſentment under the latter, if ſuffered to take poſſeſſion of his heart, will inevitably rob him of his internal quiet and ſatisfaction, and abſolutely put an end to all real enjoyment of himſelf or the world in which he lives.—He knows, that by giving way to theſe evil paſſions, he ſubjects himſelf to all kinds of uneaſineſs and vexation: And inaſmuch as from frequent experience of his own inability to reſiſt their ſudden and violent attacks he has learned to look up for ſuperior and ſupernatural aid; he, therefore, turns immediately to the redeeming power of the Son of God within him.

For

For he knows, that he is a GOD *at hand* and *not afar off*. Upon his Providence he ſafely relies; to his wiſe diſpoſals he chearfully ſubmits, and on his ſpirit he depends for that ſpiritual ſtrength, which alone can aſſiſt and deliver him in every conflict of nature.

The ſame gentleneſs, patience and ſubmiſſion manifeſt themſelves in his whole behaviour and deportment towards the little *family* circle, with which he is happily ſurrounded. Some envious and intruding clouds, you well know, my dear CHARLES, will frequently intervene, and obſcure the brighteſt ſunſhine of *domeſtic* bliſs. Under all theſe, his ſerenity will continue unruffled. *Conjugal* felicity, and all the endearments of *father*, *ſon* and *brother*, he deems the higheſt that earth can poſſibly

bly afford.——To preſeve theſe inviolate, he will bear, and forbear, and comply, and condeſcend, and uſe every winning and attractive art, that can ſooth and ſoften, that can baniſh diſquietude, and introduce harmony, peace and love. God is a God of order and love. Where-ever theſe are violated even in the minuteſt inſtances, there is a breach of his eternal law; and at this breach the powers of darkneſs will ever be ready to enter, and obſcure and perplex and confound the minds of thoſe who have made it. He is not, therefore, as the Wiſe-Man expreſſes it, *like a lion in his houſe, or frantic among his children or his ſervants*; but he governs his little flock with prudence and meekneſs, and endeavours to introduce Heaven into their hearts, and to make them an *Houſhold* of God, a family of love.

With

With reſpect to his *neighbours*, he is particularly careful to keep his mind, under the influences of *Divine Grace*, in ſuch a frame as neither to give nor take offence, neither to provoke *them* by any actions of *his*, nor ſuffer *himſelf* to be kindled into wrath or reſentment by any actions of *theirs*. He knows, that conſiſtent with all this meekneſs and ſweetneſs of temper, he may and ought to maintain and defend his juſt rights, and never give them up, but at the demands of peace or charity, or ſome better claim than mere unkindneſs, envy or ill-nature can ſet up. As to perſonal injuries and ill-treatment, he knows that the worſt of theſe cannot hurt him. So far from reſenting, he forgives them from the bottom of his heart. For he conſiders the exerciſe of

meekneſs upon theſe occaſions, not as an unmanly cowardice, but (as every ſenſible, philoſophical and religious mind will ever conſider it) as the higheſt exerciſe of heroic virtue: Becauſe by this he not only defeats effectually the deſigns of malice and envy, but (which is an infinitely more noble conqueſt) he triumphs over *himſelf*, and leads every furious frantic paſſion of his fallen nature in chains. In a word, he conſiders a *meek and quiet ſpirit* as one of the greateſt *ornaments* of human nature, one of the grand characteriſtics, by which not only the well-bred gentleman is diſtinguiſhed from the untutored clown, but the *real* Chriſtian, from the *nominal* profeſſor. And above all, he ſets the higheſt value upon this amiable grace, becauſe the cultivation of it opens and brings to perfection that

Birth

Birth of *Heaven*, that *Image* of his *Redeemer* in his breaſt, by which he lives in Heaven whilſt he is here upon earth, changes earth into Heaven, and therefore has the beſt and trueſt enjoyment of the preſent ſhort period of his exiſtence. And I take this to have been our Saviour's meaning in the bleſſing which he pronounces upon the *meek*; BLESSED ARE THE MEEK; FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH.

I am, DEAR CHARLES,
Yours moſt affectionately.
T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,
Auguſt 20, 1772.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

To MRS. P——, *of* PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR MADAM,

YOU aſked me the other evening, whilſt we were amuſing ourſelves round your chearful fire-ſide with making ſimiles, whether I could find one for HUMILITY. I anſwered off hand as well as I could. You was pleaſed with the ſentiment, and deſired me to put it in writing. Here then you have it with very little alteration in the language.

Q. What is humility?

A. 'Tis a fair and fragrant flower, in its appearance modeſt, in its ſituation low and hidden. It does not flaunt its beauties to every vulgar eye, or throw its odours upon every paſſing gale. 'Tis unknown to the *earthly* botaniſt—it diſcovers itſelf only to the *ſpiritual* ſearcher:—Neither does he find it among thoſe gay and gawdy tribes of flowers, with which the generality are ſo eaſily captivated; but in ſome obſcure and unfrequented ſpot, where the prints of human feet are rarely ſeen.——But wherever he finds it, he is ſure to behold its boſom opened to to the SUN of RIGHTEOUSNESS, receiving new ſweets in perpetual ſucceſſion from his exhauſtleſs ſource.

I am,

Your very ſincere friend and ſervant,

T. CASPIPINA.

QUEEN-STREET, *Sept.* 2, 1772.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To the Rev. O——D J——N, *in Philadelphia.*

DEAR and REV. SIR,

I WAS not a little ſurprized the other day when we dined together at the honourable and worthy Mr. H——'s, to hear you launch forth into ſuch high encomiums upon the character and writings of Mr STERNE. Unwilling to interrupt the chearfulneſs of the company by introducing any thing that might have the appearance of a ſerious diſpute, I only rallied you a little upon your attachment to this deſultory writer, and reminded you of ſome paſſages, the groſs indelicacy

of which is ſcarcely covered by the ſlimſy gauze of his fine expreſſion. You replied to me by quoting ſome of thoſe tender and pathetic ſtrokes, which we meet with here and there throughout his volumes, which beſpeak, as you ſaid, a truly benevolent and ſympathetic heart, and more than atone for all the indelicate ſlips of his pen.

I admire thoſe ſtrokes as much as you do: But ſtill I am not quite ſatisfied, that the feelings he deſcribes are any thing more than thoſe we have in common with the brute creation, at leaſt that there is any thing heavenly in them, 'till they come to be placed under the direction of an heavenly power, and act in ſubſerviency to its inward dictates; otherwiſe, paſſion may get the name of virtue, and a finely attempered frame

frame become the only Heaven we would wiſh for.

Suffer me, then, to *preach* a little to the *preacher*, and give you my ſentiments upon true *ſympathy* or *tenderneſs of heart*.

We miſtake the matter exceedingly, my friend, if we imagine, that true *tenderneſs of heart* is no other than that *animal ſympathy*, if I may ſo call it, which is common to wicked as well as good men, nay, which even the brute creation ſeem to be poſſeſſed of in a very conſiderable degree. That mixture of good and evil, which is very obſervable in the preſent ſyſtem of things, frequently produces ſome very lovely and delightful appearances and effects.

When we walk into our gardens, we find our ſenſes moſt agreeably refreſhed by the beauty, fragrance or taſte of the various kinds of herbage, fruits or flowers, that ſpring forth from the common ſoil. We feel the meekneſs of Heaven itſelf in the calmneſs and ſerenity of a morning or evening ſky. We are delighted with the ſweet ſollicitude, which birds and beaſts teſtify for their mates as well as their offspring. And we cannot but admire the fond attachment, the ſeeming friendſhip and gratitude, which ſome of the more ſagacious among them frequently ſhew to man.

But as all theſe pleaſing wonders of the animate as well as inanimate ſyſtem are no other than the productions or births of this temporary world, ſo they partake of all the changes and diſor-

ders

ders to which it is continually expoſed. They are born, and grow, and bloom, and come to their perfection—and then fade, and wither, and die, and diſſolve into the original elements, out of which they ſprung.

Man, conſidered merely with reſpect to his body, is no more than *a joint tenant of the ſhade* with the beaſts of the field. The ſame inſtincts, the ſame appetites and paſſions reign in his earthly part. Like them he is ſubject to the changes of the elements. Like them he is born, and grows, and comes to maturity——and then gradually declines, and dies, and ſinks into one common grave with them.

But then he has within him a ſpark of immortality, a birth of heaven, a ray of

of the divinity, which, tho' impriſoned in a tenement of clay, can and will, if permitted, look beyond its narrow circumference into that eternal world, out of which it came. By its ſpiritual intercourſe with the great father of ſpirits it is enabled to compare temporal things with ſpiritual, and form ſuch a true and accurate eſtimate, founded upon its own experience and ſenſibilities, as will always point out that ſuperiority, which the heavenly part with its heavenly deſires ſhould maintain over the earthly part with its earthly inſtincts and appetites. But perhaps it may be neceſſary to expreſs this ſentiment in clearer and more explicit terms.

There is certainly, amongſt men, ſomething like what I have heard called *conſtitutional* virtue, that is to ſay, a virtue,

virtue, that takes its riſe from, and depends upon a man's particular make or conſtitution, the ſtate of his blood or nerves.

Thus you will find amongſt a number of children of the ſame family *one*, that from his very cradle ſeems to be bold and intrepid, fearleſs of danger, eager and enterprizing; *another*, timid, irreſolute, eaſily caſt down or affrighted—*one*, haughty, vain, forward and impertinent,—*another*, meek, humble, diffident and modeſt—*one*, that ſeems to be a ſtranger to pity, tenderneſs and love—*another*, melting into tears at the proſpect, or even recital of the leaſt diſtreſs.

That this variety of tempers and diſpoſitions depends not upon education is ſufficiently

ſufficiently obvious. For children of the ſame family are generally treated in the ſame manner, and ſimilar advice and inſtructions are given to all. Now, 'tis very remarkable, that the ſame variety of diſpoſitions ſhews itſelf equally conſpicuous in the brute creation. Hence we may reaſonably conclude, that in men as well as brutes they ſpring forth from that mixture of good and evil, which characterizes every object of temporal nature.

" Aye," ſays the infidel: " This is " all very true—we are ſo born—we " are ſo conſtituted—and therefore " our vices and our virtues are alike ne- " ceſſary and unavoidable. Talk no " more, then, of your diſtinctions be- " twixt right and wrong—our tempers " depend upon the conſtitution of our " bodies—

" bodies—and vice and virtue are but
" empty names.

" A perſon in diſtreſs ſolicits my
" charity—if I am a good-natured
" man, as 'tis called, or if the applica-
" tion is made to me, when I am in a
" good humour, I moſt chearfully ad-
" miniſter relief——But if I am of a
" ſour temper, or am called upon at an
" unfavourable ſeaſon, I turn my back
" upon the object, and diſmiſs him
" with wrath.

" I riſe in the morning in an exceed-
" ing good humour, pleaſed and de-
" lighted with myſelf and every body
" about me—I am happy and chearful
" in my family—I walk abroad, and
" ſalute every friend that meets me
" with a ſmile. Within an hour or two,

" all

" all my feelings are changed. Some diſ-
" agreeable piece of intelligence rela-
" tive to myſelf—ſome ſlight ſhewn me
" by an acquaintance—ſome little diſ-
" appointment in my worldly intereſts
" —or perhaps, a little cold that I have
" caught—theſe, or any other trifling
" accidents are ſufficient to oppreſs my
" ſpirits, diſcompoſe my temper, and
" make me feel diſſatisfied with my-
" ſelf, and every body about me. All
" my affection, my tenderneſs and
" love are gone: And whilſt I remain
" in this ſituation, I am indifferent alike
" to virtue and vice.

" Now then," continues the exult-
ing infidel, " where is your religion ?
" Where is your morality ? Where is
" your goſpel illumination ?—All is
" viſionary—'tis the ſtate of your blood,

or

" or the ſtate of your nerves, that con-
" ſtitutes your virtue or your vice.
" On theſe alone they depend for their
" tranſitory exiſtence. With theſe
" they decay—with theſe they die.—"

But tell me, thou poor purblind mortal! Amid all theſe changes and viciſſitudes, that attend thy bodily frame, what is it *within thee*, that thinks, and reaſons, and reflects, and obſerves upon every change that paſſes—and continues to do ſo, let thy body be affected as it may! What is it that renders thee ſecretly diſſatisfied, after thou haſt amuſed thyſelf with all theſe fine ſpeculations? What is it that tells thee, that ſuch and ſuch things are good and right and proper to be done, and that ſuch and ſuch are wrong, evil in their nature and leading to miſery--and tells thee ſo,

let thy bodily ſtate and temper be what it will, whether thy preſent humour diſpoſes thee to obey or neglect its dictates?

Couldſt thou read aright the volume that is unfolded in thine heart, thou wouldſt find there the ſame language, which thy Saviour ſpeaks in his goſpel, viz: That THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN THEE; that virtue, goodneſs, holineſs, are not empty names, but that they are a real nature, of heavenly extraction; that they depend not merely upon our animal ſenſations, but may be called forth, and brought into exerciſe, independent of, and ſuperior to them;—that this heavenly nature will regulate, controul and direct the ſeveral paſſions or appetites of thine earthly part;—that, whether thy temper be

g<antle

gentle or violent, meek or wrathful, kind and tender, or ſour and moroſe, this bleſſed principle, if attended to and obeyed, will make both its good and its evil turn to thine advantage: It will overcome all that is harſh, peeviſh and diſcontented within thee; and will give an heavenly tincture, virtue and efficacy to thine earthly meekneſs, tenderneſs and love. It will teach thee to look above nature, above inſtinct, above reaſon, for that which is to ſet nature, inſtinct, reaſon, right. It will ſatisfy thee of the truth and authenticity of the BIBLE REVELATION; and teach thee to conſider thyſelf and all mankind, not only as children of ADAM, but as SONS OF GOD in CHRIST, only to be redeemed out of their preſent bondage, by means of that communication which the Redeemer himſelf hath opened be-

twixt earth and heaven, betwixt our fallen ſpirits, and his own ſpirit of love.

From theſe few obſervations, for which I beg your candid attention and indulgence, I think you cannot but conclude with me, that virtue, goodneſs or holineſs do not conſiſt in a mere external decency of behaviour; that they do not conſiſt in, nor are they regulated merely by our bodily feelings; but that they are the gifts of God in Chriſt, and to be received by the ſpirit of prayer in our hearts.

Were we once, my good friend, convinced of this, we ſhould not wait for the mere ſympathy of animal nature to prompt us to benevolent deeds. We ſhould be kind and tender from a ſuperior principle—we ſhould find our-

ſelves

ſelves willing to anſwer the calls of this principle, even againſt the ſtrongeſt reluctances of our earthly part. Our tenderneſs of heart would be even and uniform in all its acts and operations: and though our eyes might even refuſe the tribute of a tear, yet our ſouls would be inwardly moved to do what compaſſion dictates ſhould be done.

After all, do not think, Sir, I have been declaiming wholly againſt animal ſympathies--They have their uſes, great uſes too—but then let them not be ſuppoſed to extend and operate beyond their native ſphere—They belong to earth—they dwell in the earthly part of our frame—If we place them indeed under the guidance of Heaven, they will partake of the virtue of Angels—otherwiſe they will be no more in the ſight of

heaven, than the meekneſs of the lamb, or the tenderneſs of the turtle-dove.

Receive it then, as a maxim, abundantly confirmed by the experience of all mankind, that outward emotion is by no means an infallible ſign of inward *charity*; but that *tenderneſs* may often appear in the eye, whilſt *avarice*, or ſome other infernal paſſion, keeps the door of the heart.

I am yours moſt ſincerely

T. CASPIPINA.

QUEEN-STREET,

Sept. 1772.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To MRS. P——L, *of* PHILADELPHIA.

My DEAR MADAM,

I WAS much pleaſed with the obſervations you made the other evening upon the nature and exerciſe of true ſocial kindneſs, and the agreeable manner in which you enumerated ſome of the principal cauſes of that narrow, ſelfiſh, and unkind conduct, which too generally prevails amongſt men. I am perfectly convinced with you, that we ſhould behold a very different appearance in human ſociety, were all its members attentive to the common offices of kindneſs towards each other—were all mean and illiberal attachments to ſelf-intereſt baniſhed from their breaſts

breaſts, and no other deſign purſued, but that of making others and themſelves as happy, as the preſent checquered ſtate of things will permit them to be.

Whilſt envy rankles in our boſoms at another's riſing fame or fortune; whilſt we cannot bear to think, that our neighbour ſhould dreſs better, entertain with more elegance and ſplendour, live in a better houſe, or keep up a more ſumptuous equipage than ourſelves; whilſt we ſuffer a thouſand little mean jealouſies to creep into our hearts, and adminiſter food to our wrathful paſſions, 'tis no wonder that chriſtian kindneſs ſhould have ſo little influence upon our tempers, and appear ſo ſeldom in our practice.

Whilſt we ſuffer pride to take ſuch full poſſeſſion of our minds, as to make

us depiſe and neglect thoſe who move in a ſphere of life inferior to our own; whilſt we ſuffer malice or reſentment to harden our hearts againſt thoſe who have ever done us an injury, or what we have thought an injury; whilſt we ſuffer avarice to ſhut the door againſt the cries of virtuous poverty, and our whole time to be ſo much ingroſſed by the calls of buſineſs, pleaſure and diſſipation, that we cannot find one leiſure moment to viſit the chambers of ſickneſs, or ſympathize with the afflicted or diſtreſſed; in a word, whilſt we are ſo wrapt up in our own importance, and are ſo wholly attentive to our own private gratifications, that we can neither *rejoice with them that do rejoice*, nor *weep with them that weep*;——'tis no wonder that the thouſand little endearing offices, which kindneſs would dictate,

tate, are overlooked as unworthy our attention, or neglected as inconſiſtent with our ſelfiſh purſuits.

Notwithſtanding all this, ſo ſenſible are men of the peculiar charm and gracefulneſs of a kind behaviour, that they endeavour to put on its external form, and appear to others, what they know in their own conſciences they are not in themſelves. Hence the many civil, obliging, humble and condeſcending modes of ſpeech, which are in faſhion among thoſe at leaſt who have had a polite education. A ſtranger to theſe forms, and one who was actuated ſolely by the feelings of his own heart, would be very apt to form a favourable judgment of the hearts of thoſe, whoſe outward behaviour exhibits ſuch a ſtriking appearance of humility and benevolence.

When

When we bow one to another as often as we meet; when we declare to one that we are his very humble ſervant, to another, that we are extremely happy to ſee him well; when we enquire with ſeemingly affectionate anxiety of a third, concerning the health of his family, and thus profeſs ourſelves deeply intereſted in the welfare of every acquaintance, that happens in our way; —what is all this, but a ſtanding proof, that men cannot but ſecretly admire, what they have not virtue enough to practiſe; and therefore have adopted the ſhadow of kindneſs in order to excuſe themſelves from the trouble of getting poſſeſſion of the ſubſtance.

Our religion and our manners, I fear, my good madam, are in this reſpect much alike: And as we are too apt to compliment our brethren with the forms of

kindneſs

kindneſs, ſo we are too apt to compliment our God with the forms of *piety*. Such a religion, and ſuch morals will never bear to be ſcrutinized by the pure and penetrating eye of Heaven. Our kindneſs as well as our piety muſt originate in our hearts, and can only be obtained by a conſtant reſiſtance of our ſelfiſh deſires, and a perpetual hungring after, ſeeking and praying for ſuch as are heavenly and divine.

My reſpectful compliments wait upon your lover, I mean in common language, your good huſband; and aſſure him and yourſelf, that I am always

Your very ſincere and affectionate
friend and ſervant,
T. CASPIPINA.

QUEEN-STREET, *October* 2, 1772.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To CHARLES MARSEILLES, Esq.
at NEW-YORK.

DEAR CHARLES,

NOTWITHSTANDING all you have ſaid, I muſt ſtill maintain my firſt poſition, that every relation, ſtate and employment of human life may be rendered ſubſervient to the purpoſes of piety and goodneſs.—'Tis not the outward circumſtances by which we are affected, but the inward ſpirit and temper of mind, by which we live and act under them.

The ſpirit of chriſtianity, indeed, ſtands in direct oppoſition to the ſpirit

of this world. Its views and proſpects, its hopes and deſires all reſpect another world. Lodged within this tenement of clay lives an eternal ſpirit, to whoſe boundleſs deſires no earthly objects can poſſibly be commenſurate. Its preſent ſituation expoſes it to a variety of deluſions; and the fallen nature to which it is in bondage, perplexes it with a variety of contending wills, each ſeeking to obtain its favourite object. But when once this eternal ſpirit is brought to a conviction of the emptineſs and vanity of all creaturely enjoyments; when once it is brought to ſee and feel its own illuſtrious origin, and to know, that its real happineſs can only be derived from the great fountain-ſpirit out of which it had its Divine Birth—then the power of ſpiritual attraction immediately commences. Through a

thouſand

thouſand intervening obſtructions it ſeeks, and will ſeek its true center; and every outward earthly ſituation, which it may be in, is, by virtue of its heavenly deſires, made to contribute to the haſtening and fulfilling of this bleſſed union.

The ſeeming interruptions which a good man daily meets with from the calls of neceſſary buſineſs and temporal employment, are no real impediment to his ſpiritual progreſs. He is careful to engage no further in any intercouſe or connection with worldly men or worldly things, than he finds neceſſary for the fulfilling thoſe private or public duties to which his ſituation in this world and the common calls of humanity and benevolence do continually

ſubject him. Such a kind of ſocial intercourſe, as calls forth theſe amiable virtues into conſtant exerciſe, he finds as neceſſary to his ſpiritual life, as meditation and prayer.

There are a thouſand little offices of civility, kindneſs and reſpect, to be performed every day in our intercourſe with each other, which, (if we would attend to them) would ſhew our true ſtate of mind, temper and diſpoſition, much more ſatisfactorily than thoſe more glaring and ſhewy performances, of which we are apt to form too favourable a judgment. A thouſand nameleſs ſenſibilities are hereby opened in our breaſts, which ſerve to advance us in our virtuous progreſs, either by exciting an humble ſenſe of our own weakneſs, or an affectionate exertion of our ſympathy and love. Be

Be not diſſatisfied, therefore, my valuable friend, with your preſent employment. Do not throw it up in a fit of melancholy. In your cooler moments repentance may come—and come too late. The ſuperficial *Methodiſt* may encourage ſuch a ſpecious inſtance of reſignation —But all your ſenſible, ſolid Chriſtian friends will bear their teſtimony againſt it.

I am, my dear Charles,
With the beſt wiſhes for your temporal and eternal welfare,
Yours moſt ſincerely,
T. CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,
Oct. 20, 1772.

LETTER XX.

To CHARLES MARSEILLES, Esq. *at* NEW-YORK.

"THE world is full of tempt-
" ations," replies my dear CHARLES—" the multitude are always
" in the wrong—always walking in the
" *broad way that leedeth to deſtruction.*
" Retirement is certainly the ſafeſt ſtate
" for me. I ſhall thus at leaſt be free
" from many ſpecies of temptation, to
" which an intercourſe with the world
" expoſes me. My ſoul muſt ſuffer,
" whilſt matters, merely temporal ne-
" ceſſarily

" ceſſarily engroſs ſo much of my time
" and attention. If I could but get
" into the country, and have nothing
" to mind but a little farm, and ſome
" ſuch innocent employments as belong
" to a rural life, my ſoul and body
" both would be much better for the
" change.

Thinkeſt thou ſo, my good friend? I remember to have hea d or read, that one of the primitive fathers (I think it was ST. BASIL) was for a while of the ſame opinion. Attacked by many violent temptations from within and from without, whilſt he led a ſecular life, he was ſure that he ſhould get himſelf quite diſengaged from all, by burying himſelf in ſome obſcure place of retirement. The ſilent cell of the gloomy anchorite exactly correſponded with the

the idea he had formed. He flattered himſelf that all would be peace and ſerenity there, and that his thoughts would be wholly taken up with God and heavenly things. But experience ſoon taught him otherwiſe. Though he had turned his back as he thought upon the world and worldly objects and their ſolicitations, he found he could not ſo eaſily turn his back upon the Devil and his own evil heart, which ſtill followed him, took up their abode with him, and perſecuted him even in his lonely cell.

The Emperor CHARLES THE FIFTH, after a moſt rapid ſucceſſion of conqueſts, ſuddenly abdicated the Crown in a fit of diſſatisfaction, and ſought relief from worldly cares and diſquietudes in the ſilence and obſcurity of worldly

worldly ſolitude. And yet if we may depend upon what is related by a very eminent writer, his worldly cares ſoon followed him into his rural receſs, and his thoughts were almoſt wholly taken up with the political and military conduct of a ſon, by whom he was ſo ſhamefully neglected, that the ſcanty pittance, which he had reſerved for his ſupport, was not paid him without grudging and irregularity.

Now, if inſtead of abdicating his Crown, this mighty Monarch had abdicated his worldly ſpirit, his proud, ambitious, covetous temper and diſpoſition; if he had applied to the KING OF KINGS for that true ſpirit of wiſdom and government, which would have rendered him the happy father of his

happy

happy ſubjects, and changed his temporal into ſpiritual triumphs; he might ſtill have retained his royalty, and would certainly have found that peace and tranquillity upon a Throne which he ſought for in vain in the ſolitude of ST. JUSTUS.*

The poor man thinks, that, if he was rich, or had but what he calls a competency, he would devote all his time to the ſalvation of his ſoul. The rich man complains of being obliged to live according to his character and circumſtances, and that in conſequence of this is ſo over-done with company, viſits and entertainments, that he has little or no time to himſelf. He thinks, that the poor man, as he is not capable of enter-

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* See *Dialogues des Morts, par* M. FENELON.

ing into the fashionable modes of life, can have nothing to do but to mind his work and say his prayers.

Physicians, Lawyers, Divines, Merchants, Mechanicks, young and old, all complain of something or another in their peculiar calling, occupation or time of life, which they say hinders them from being as religious as they desire to be. But they are certainly under a great delusion. Nay, 'tis to be feared, they willingly deceive themselves. They very well know, they have time enough and to spare, if they would employ it properly. There is not a man in the whole world, let his age, station, character or religion be what it will, but may *abide in his calling*, and serve God and take care of his own soul as effectually, as if he was in any other situation of life.

life. For 'tis a man's own fault, if he ſuffers himſelf to be too much entangled in any worldly employment.

Providence brings our duties to our very doors; and every day of our life furniſhes ſuch occurrences in our own particular way, as, if properly improved, are ſufficient to ſatisfy others as well as ourſelves, what manner of ſpirit we are of; whether we are ſtill acting under the influence of our fallen and corrupted nature, or whether we ſuffer our heavenly nature to be called forth into life by the Holy Jesus, and to do his bleſſed work.

This will be the laſt letter I ſhall have it in my power to write to you for ſome time. I have engaged in an affair, that will probably call me to England

land in a few days. My ſtay there, however, if my ſcheme be attended with ſucceſs will be very ſhort: And I hope to pay my reſpects to you at New-York early in the next Spring.

I am, Dear CHARLES,
Ever Yours,
TAMOC CASPIPINA.

PHILADELPHIA,
Nov. 20, 1772.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

PAGE 127. Laſt line but one, after the word *cloaths*, ſhould be a *comma*, inſtead of a *period.*

Page 208. Laſt line, for *attempered* read *organized.*

Page 151, line 5th, for *no religion* read *no ſtate of life.*

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